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Mrs. Austin.

I.



LL women are matchmakers—some for themselves and the rest for other people,” said Mr. Francis Leicester. He stood on his own hearth-rug, with his back to his own chimney-piece, and surveyed the subject comprehensively from that advantageous position. And he was entitled to have an opinion of his own about it, for he was nearly three-and-twenty.

Two ladies were present. “Which am I, pray?” said the younger, instantly accepting the challenge. She looked up at the speaker with great bright brown eyes, like those of some sylvan creature. “Which am I—for myself or for other people?”

Frank laughed, and turned away a little, gazing at a golden effect of September sunshine on an old family

portrait. “Oh, I’m not going to be personal,” he said; “you don’t catch me so. I mean women in general.”

“Oh, women in general! I don’t care for women in general,” said Miss Vivian. “And I don’t much believe that anybody else does.”

“I may say what I like, then?”

She nodded gravely. "Yes; on the understanding that it doesn't apply to anybody in particular."

"I'm afraid, perhaps, that won't be very interesting," said Frank, doubtfully.

"I'm quite sure it won't be; it makes me yawn only to think of it."

"But this does apply to somebody," said young Leicester's mother, smiling, from her easy-chair. "Frank means me. Whenever he wants to make rude remarks about anything I do, he always calls me women in general. But this time he ought to be ashamed of himself, for—thank goodness!—whatever I may be, I am *not* a matchmaker."

"Say that again!" Leicester exclaimed. "To-day of all days!"

"Well, I am *not*," she repeated firmly. "I don't want to make a match of it, I'm sure. Only it seemed hard that they shouldn't meet somewhere, and have another chance."

"Just so," said Frank. "Let's hope they'll profit by it. I should think they might know their own minds by now; they are getting rather elderly, these lovers of yours, aren't they?"

"Elderly—well, they are not so young as Tiny here; but they are a good deal younger than I am. I don't see why they shouldn't have their feelings as well as other people."

"Oh, I've no objection," said Frank, with his hands in his pockets, and his chin a little higher than usual. If I wanted to make a match, it should be a new one while I was about it, not a *réchauffé* affair like this. But that's your concern, and I'm sure I wish you all success. Give them their wedding-breakfast, if you like. I'll throw old shoes after them, and go in for all the rest of the foolery with the greatest pleasure." He turned to Tiny Vivian. "Will you be bridesmaid?"

Tiny nodded. "If it's a pretty dress."

"That's settled, then. You shall support the elderly bride, I'll be best man, and my mother shall be the rest of the affectionate relatives. Why, we can do it all in the family! No, though! who's to give her away? The best man can't, can he?"

"It doesn't sound quite proper. I wouldn't have the best man to give *me* away," said Tiny.

"Better have the best man to take you," Frank suggested. "Well, it's awkward, but for such a little amateur performance I think I might double the parts."

"Couldn't you manage a slight change of costume as you dodged from one side to the other?"

"Do not be so silly," said Mrs. Leicester. "And do remember that it is a secret—that nobody knows anything about this old love affair. It is quite a secret."

"You hear?" said Frank, turning his head a little, and looking down at Tiny.

"I don't see why you say 'You hear?' to me. I'm sure you're quite as bad, or worse," said the girl smartly.

"Oh, but it isn't that. I wasn't doubting your discretion or my own; but I thought you might have a few spare secrets about you, and not have known where to put them for safe keeping. I wanted you to observe that you might bring them here."

"Now, Frank, you know I always do keep secrets," said his mother. "I shall keep this one," she added, virtuously. "I'm only afraid you and Tiny won't."

"I should keep it better, I think," said Tiny, "if I knew a little more about it. One is so apt to let out half a secret while one is hunting about for the other half—don't you think so?" She laid her hand coaxingly on Mrs. Leicester's. "Do tell me. If nobody knows it, how do you know it?"

"My sister told me—my dear sister, who is dead," Mrs. Leicester replied, in a slightly altered voice. Tiny's brown eyes dilated for a moment, and the corners of her eager, smiling mouth went down a little. It was just the attention which any mention of the King of Terrors ordinarily receives in the course of conversation. "But there's hardly anything to tell," the elder lady went on; "Caroline knew something of young South when he was really little more than a lad, and he liked to talk to her about Miss Fairfax. It was quite a boy-and-girl attachment, you know; I don't think it was ever allowed to be a regular engagement; but Caroline used to tell me about it till I felt as if I knew him. She said it was quite touching to see how the young fellow worshipped the very ground Mildred Fairfax trod on. And then he got his commission, and was ordered off to India. Oh, it's a long while ago! I remember Caroline coming in to tell me that she had just said good-by to him, poor boy."

"He went away," said Tiny. "Yes, but why didn't they marry afterwards?"

"Well, I don't know. After Caroline died, I never heard any more about them. But when Mildred Fairfax was four or five and twenty she married young Austin, and he was a friend of my husband's; so I saw something of her then, of course. We gave them a pair of candlesticks, pink and gold, very pretty; Mr. Leicester bought them in Paris. But I suppose they would be quite wrong now."

"Never mind, most likely they are broken," Frank suggested, in a consoling voice.

"It was Miss Fairfax who didn't wait for Mr. South, then?" said Tiny, pursuing the story. "And did he get married, too?"

"Oh, no! he never married. He wasn't in the army long; he sold out, and went to live with an uncle, who died some years ago, and left him a nice little property. No, he never married."

"Why didn't she wait for him? I sha'n't like her! Was Mr. Austin rich?"

"Pretty well, I think. He was a barrister, but he had money of his own. She is left very well off altogether. But I had quite lost

sight of her for a long time, till we happened to meet at the Stauntons' place about a month ago, and I asked her to come and stay a few days. That's all."

"I sha'n't like her," Tiny repeated softly. "But you haven't accounted for Mr. South, now," she persisted, with pitiless interest.

"Oh, that was rather funny; it was at Mrs. Lane's—Minna Wilkinson she used to be. Some one happened to speak of Mr. Gilbert South, and I was curious. I asked to be introduced to him, and we had quite a long talk about poor Caroline and old times. Wasn't it odd I should meet him just after I had seen Mrs. Austin again? He mentioned her, and told me he used to know her, and began to ask so many questions that I invited him to come and meet her here. And he jumped at it—quite jumped!" said Mrs. Leicester, sinking back.

"He is in love with her still," said Tiny, pensively; "but she doesn't deserve it."

Frank settled his shoulders against the carved woodwork of the chimney-piece. "But how long ago is it since these young affections were blighted?" he inquired. "That's what I want to know."

Mrs. Leicester sat pondering the question. "I don't quite know," she said. "What year was it that young South went out to India? I could find out—I must have got it down somewhere, for it was just when you had the measles."

Frank uttered a very impatient ejaculation. "I wish to Heaven there was something you couldn't calculate in that fashion!" he said. Then he began to laugh, and turned half apologetically to Tiny: "Haven't you noticed? My ailments, whooping-cough and mumps, and that kind of thing——"

"Frank, you never had mumps! You are thinking of——"

"—— have infected all history. In fact, nothing has happened *but* my ailments ever since I was born. Ask my mother."

Mrs. Leicester, who had risen to take her knitting from the table, laid her hand on his sleeve. "They haven't been very bad, luckily," she said, looking up at his handsome healthy face.

"If they had been, the world would have come to an end, wouldn't it?"

"Yes," she said, "it would—for me."

Frank bent his head and touched her smooth forehead with his lips. "For sentimental folly," he remarked, as he disengaged himself, "there is nothing like—like—women in general! Well, good-by for the present."

"Where are you going?"

"Why, your superannuated lovers can't be here, either of them, for the next hour, and I promised Huntley I'd go and look at those cottages by the river they say ought to come down. It's a shame to spend such an afternoon indoors." He looked at Tiny. "Won't you come, too? You haven't had a walk to-day."

"Not had a walk! Well, you were playing lawn-tennis for hours—I should like to know what you call that!" Mrs. Leicester exclaimed.

"I call it lawn-tennis," said Frank.

"It wasn't a walk," Tiny chimed in. "I'll get my hat; I should like to go." She was at the door in a moment, looking back with an eager, glowing little face as Mrs. Leicester called after her, "Mind you are not late coming home."

Frank Leicester was a fine young fellow, good-looking, good-hearted, good-tempered, and the owner of Culverdale Manor. Had he described himself he would have given that last clause the foremost place. He was intensely conscious of the fact that he was a landed proprietor, and family tradition had impressed him with the belief that Culverdale Manor, taking it altogether, was the most desirable spot on the surface of the globe. Any trifling drawbacks were honourably disposed of in the limitation "taking it altogether." Frank could not part himself in his own mind from the estate, which had belonged to the Leicesters for so many years. He was young Leicester of Culverdale, and, if he had not been Leicester of Culverdale, he would hardly have known what he was or what he could be. It may be questioned whether it would have been possible to make provision for Frank anywhere else in the universe. It would certainly have been difficult. In his own house, on his own land, or in any company where there was the requisite knowledge of the importance of Culverdale, he was fearless, outspoken, and perhaps a little conceited, with the happy and harmless conceit of a young fellow who has been petted all his life, and thinks the world at once better and easier to deal with than most of us find it. But in any society where Culverdale counted for nothing, he would have been shy and humble, with a very moderate opinion of his own abilities. Briefly, it may be said that Frank *was* Culverdale. It was a prosperous, well-managed, wealthy, and sheltered estate, beautiful after a certain trim and English ideal of beauty, but with nothing wild or original about it. It was just so much placid contentment lying in a ring fence. Frank was one with Culverdale when Culverdale was at its best, with the airy and hopeful freshness of spring about it and the beauty of promise in copse and meadow. Whether he would ever be one with Culverdale when it was at its worst, an expanse of sodden and heavy acres lying drearily under a dull November sky, was a question which might suggest itself to a chance observer more readily than to those who knew and loved him as he was.

Perhaps it is unnecessary to say that Frank was essentially a country gentleman. There was a pleasant harmony between the young squire and his surroundings which would demand a pleasant word to describe it. It is true that he had travelled as much or more than his neighbours, making the most of a limited knowledge of that tongue which is neither English nor French, though it has affinities with both those languages. The fact that Culverdale was not much known on the Continent did not depress Frank. He was sorry for the natives of other lands (comprehen-

sively described as "foreign beggars"), who, owing to misfortunes of birth and training, could not appreciate the position he held at home. As he felt himself unable to explain it with any degree of precision, he acquiesced in their ignorance with the good-humoured tolerance of a young prince in disguise. He had read his *Murray* in a good many historic localities, could find his way, with a sense of old acquaintance, through the streets of Paris, and would have been greatly surprised if any one had told him that he was more countrified than his second-cousin, Tiny Vivian, who had never crossed the Channel and had only enjoyed an occasional week in town. It was true, nevertheless. Tiny, with her bright innocent brown eyes and eager youthfulness, was so evidently undeveloped that it was impossible to classify her. The budding plant might open in the old garden where it had grown, or might be transferred to a conservatory to blossom more delicately there. But Frank had carried that slight rusticity of his to two or three European capitals, and brought it back to the peaceful English home, where the rooks were cawing in the elms outside his windows, and the doves cooing in the tangled copses.

Mrs. Leicester went back to her easy-chair when Frank and Tiny had left her that afternoon, and gave herself up to drowsy meditation. "A matchmaker, indeed!" she said to herself, as she leaned back, suffering her knitting and her plump white hands to lie idly in her lap. "As if I shouldn't make a match for Frank, if I did for anybody! And no one can say I ever tried that." It was quite true. Mrs. Leicester had perceived that important young men were fatally apt to fall in love in a wrong, or, which was much the same thing, in an eccentric fashion, and she had determined that if Frank would but choose some one fairly unobjectionable she would ask no more. Hitherto, in spite of many little flirtations, he had escaped the snares laid for him at garden-parties and county balls, and had returned from all his wanderings apparently unscathed. So far as he showed any real preference it was for Tiny Vivian, who received his attentions in a very guileless and simple manner. It would be great promotion for Tiny to be mistress of the old Manor House, which was a paradise to her girlish fancy, but Frank's mother was quite ready to welcome her there, and was very good meanwhile in the matter of invitations. Mrs. Leicester was an amiable, kindly, easy-going woman, and was really fond of the girl, yet in her fierce motherly fondness she would have sacrificed her any day, body and soul, for Frank. Tiny must take care of herself. If Frank wanted her, well and good, but if the young prince should chance to discover a more suitable princess elsewhere, his little cousin must go back to her own people, heart-whole or heart-broken as she might chance to be.

Mrs. Leicester's thoughts turned from Frank and Tiny to her expected visitors, and drifted idly in the past, to which they belonged. How well she remembered the dull autumn afternoon when Caroline came in to tell her that Gilbert South was gone, and how he had done his best to pre-

serve a manly demeanour to the last. "Poor boy! poor boy! I only hope Mildred Fairfax will be true to him," said the kindly, sentimental Caroline, while her eyes filled at the thought of his sorrow. The sisters were excited over the love story, but naturally it failed to interest the fretful little tyrant who had the measles. Poor Aunt Carrie had to wipe her eyes and relate a wonderful story about soldiers who went away in ships, but who were all coming home again very soon. Mildred Fairfax was not required in Frank's version of the romance. Aunt Carrie told no more stories, she was dead before the young lover reached India, and Mrs. Leicester, looking back across the long years which parted her from her favourite sister, felt a mournful pleasure in taking up the unfortunate love story of whose earliest beginning she had been the confidante. She had a vague feeling that it might please Carrie if she could give Gilbert South a chance of being happy after the fashion that Carrie had planned so long ago. It was a late and unsatisfactory conclusion, perhaps, yet the best that she could see, and there was a sentimental charm about it which appealed to Mrs. Leicester's easily touched feelings; so she sat in her easy-chair, thinking it all over, till the figures of the old story—Caroline, Gilbert South, and Mildred Austin—came and went in something of a confused and softened vision before her half-closed eyes, while the window near which she sat became a great sunset picture of darkly towering trees and yellow sky. The sound of wheels passed through her pleasant dream, which was hardly so much dispersed as a little more defined when Mr. South stood on the hearth-rug where Frank had stood a couple of hours earlier. He spoke in soft deliberate tones, and looked round the room with a covert inquiry in his glance.

Mrs. Leicester made an effort, and was glad that he had had a pleasant drive. "You find me all alone," she said; "Frank is out somewhere, and so is Miss Vivian, who is staying with us. They were playing lawn-tennis all the morning, and they have been walking all the afternoon."

Mr. South expressed his admiration of such unflagging energy. "It wouldn't suit me," said Mrs. Leicester, candidly; "but I have a sort of recollection that when I was young I used to think I would run about all my life."

"Ah, when one was young!" said Gilbert South, with a smile. "And so you are all alone?" he repeated, still looking round with questioning eyes.

Mrs. Leicester awoke to a sudden comprehension of her companion's anxiety. "I shouldn't have been alone long, even if you hadn't come," she said. "I am expecting Mrs. Austin—I told you she was coming, if you remember. She was obliged to put her visit off for a few days, and she arranged to come this very afternoon—in fact, I have sent to meet her."

"How does she come, then? By a later train? You need not have sent twice, Mrs. Leicester—I would have waited."

"Oh, no, it's the other line. I am expecting her every minute. You

have been running a race without knowing it, and you have won, you see. I thought she would have been here first. She has been with friends in Cornwall."

"In Cornwall!" Gilbert South repeated the words with a touch of startled interest in his voice. "She used to live in Cornwall—I was there one summer a long while ago. I wonder where she has been staying now?" And, after a moment, he added, "Not in the old house, I know."

"It's a beautiful county," said Mrs. Leicester. "Not pretty, like Devonshire, of course."

"No, not like Devonshire, but I like it better, perhaps because I knew it first. The Land's End on a still midsummer day——" He stopped short in the middle of his speech, and looked down, but his silence was full of remembrance.

"Oh, delightful!" said Mrs. Leicester, fanning herself slowly with a Japanese fan. "Do I hear the carriage? No. Of all places I think the Land's End——" and she glided through two or three soft commonplace sentences.

"Yes," Gilbert interrupted her. "I beg your pardon, I mean I think you do hear ——."

"Why, of course I do!" There was the sound of an arrival in the hall. Mrs. Leicester put down her fan, but the door at the far end of the room was thrown open before she could reach it, and "Mrs. Austin" was announced. "Here you are at last!" she exclaimed, hurrying to meet the new comer.

Mrs. Austin bent her head to receive her friend's kiss of welcome, and the two came up the room with a soft rustle of drapery. The western sun lit up Mrs. Austin's pale face. "You know Mr. South?" said Mrs. Leicester, and with a smile she answered, "Oh yes," and put out a gloved hand. He was cool enough usually, but his heart beat fast, and he hardly knew what he said, as he stepped out of a long vista of shadowy years and a confusion of memories to greet Mrs. Austin, newly arrived from a Cornwall, whose sunsets, blue seas, and fringe of chafing white waves were those of a summer long gone by. It was only when she said, "Yes, it is a long while ago," that he remembered what his own remark had been.

At that same moment Tiny Vivian, a dainty little rustic figure, swinging a bunch of pale honeysuckle and green-coated nuts, was crossing the corner of a distant field. She had gone some way in silence, with thoughts intent upon the romance awaiting her at the Manor House. It is true that to Tiny it was a dim and bygone affair, which had been laid by so long that it could have no better sweetness than that of dried rose-leaves and lavender, yet being a real romance it was interesting, and it was with an absorbed and earnest glance that she looked up at Frank, and said, "I wonder how those two will meet. Don't you think she will feel rather strange?"

"Why she more than he?" demanded Frank. "I should think they would both feel rather queer after eighteen years." He aimed a blow at a thistle as he went by. "I've been thinking," he said with a laugh, "it must be eighteen years ago, if it isn't nineteen, since I had the measles. I was a horrid little spoilt wretch, I know—I remember crying because I couldn't go to a children's party—I used to wear a hideous tartan frock with frills, and had my hair curled. It is certainly eighteen years ago this autumn."

Tiny laughed too. "I suppose I was a baby—my birthday is in August, you know. Isn't it a long while ago? But if he has been waiting all these years, and been true all the while, he has nothing to be ashamed of."

"Might be ashamed of wasting his time, I should think," said Frank. "Don't bestow too much sympathy on Mr. South. And you expect Mrs. Austin to blush for her inconstancy? Not she! I'll bet you anything you like that the faithless widow is much the cooler of the two, and if there is any blushing when they meet, he'll have to do it."

"The sunset is doing it," said Tiny. "Look what a glow there is dying away behind those willows."

"We must look sharp," said Frank. He glanced at his watch and quickened his pace. "You can walk a little faster?"

"Oh, yes—are we far from home?" and without waiting for an answer Tiny went on. "I've made up my mind, I sha'n't like Mrs. Austin." There was a determined expression in her brown eyes as she spoke.

"Sorry for her," said young Leicester. "But, to tell you the truth, if it wasn't for pleasing my mother, I could very well dispense with the pair of them. I suppose he'll like some shooting; but I can't go out with him to-morrow—I've promised to ride over to Bridge End in the afternoon. I don't know what you'll all do, I'm sure—go for a drive, if you like."

Tiny pushed out a scornful little lower lip. "All packed in the carriage together!" Then, after a moment's consideration, "Well, we might go to the Castle."

"Isn't it rather reckless, using up our one show place the first day?" said Frank. "Though, to be sure, it isn't worth keeping—there's so very little of it."

"And don't you think it might harmonise nicely with their feelings?" Tiny continued, taking a higher range. "Won't they like to poke about little old remains of something that used to be very beautiful and splendid? I should think it would give them a chance of saying all sorts of things."

"Oh, go to the Castle—go to the Castle, by all means!" said Frank, laughing. "I only hope they'll have your fine sense of harmony, and make the most of the opportunity. Mind you don't interfere—that's all."

"I shall take care of your mother," Tiny answered loftily. "I shall

carry her shawl. And I shall pick ivy-leaves off the wall. I hope I know my duty."

"Most people do," said Frank, drily. "For instance, our duty is to be home in proper time to receive these good folks."

"Sha'n't we do it?" said the girl, a little apprehensively.

He shook his head. "No, like most people, we sha'n't! Can you dress in two minutes? You must try to-night, I'm afraid. It's all my fault; the time slipped away and I didn't notice." Tiny, in spite of her uneasiness, was very happy. They hurried on: the glow in the west grew fainter, and the rooks went by in great clouds, cawing their good-nights overhead.

"I can't think what possessed my mother to want these people!" said Frank, with a sudden outburst of irritation, as he helped Tiny over a stile. "I hate having to hurry you like this—you'll be tired out, thanks to them!"

"Oh, never mind me!" said Tiny, breathless but loyal.

"But I do mind you," Frank answered hotly. "I wish they were a thousand miles away! Anyhow their touching meeting must be over by now."

He was right, the meeting was over, and, as he had divined, Mrs. Austin had been the more unmoved of the two. While she shook hands with Gilbert South she did not cease to answer Mrs. Leicester's hospitably anxious questions. She was not tired—her train was rather late, yes, but she really was not tired—she would not have any tea—no, she would not have anything. Gilbert looked at her over the top of Mrs. Leicester's head. There was something of doubt, appeal, almost of entreaty in his glance, and Mrs. Austin did not seem to evade it, yet he hardly knew whether it had reached her or not. At that moment he felt it harder to realise how he had parted from Mildred Fairfax than it had been when he stood on the rug and listened through Mrs. Leicester's talk for the sound of approaching wheels. Mrs. Austin's softly-modulated and unhurried speech was like and yet unlike Mildred's voice as he remembered it. It seemed like an echo of old days awakened in a strange place. She looked at him with gently inquiring eyes, as if to discover how much he had changed since their parting, and she met the same mute questioning from him. Meanwhile Mrs. Leicester wondered aloud, with much discomposure, what Frank and Tiny could possibly have done with themselves. It was getting late: would Mrs. Austin like to go to her room? So the little party broke up, to meet again at seven.

The question which troubled Frank's mother was solved when, at three minutes to dinner-time, she met him on the stairs, looking very hot and dusty. She expressed some views on the subject of punctuality which seemed to make him hotter. "We went farther than I intended—we went along the river after I saw Huntley, and had to hurry back. What's the use of making a row about it?" he said rather crossly.

"You promised me you wouldn't be late!"

"Well, don't I tell you we hurried home? I believe Tiny nearly ran all the way. I wish I'd made her take it easy, if this is all the thanks we are to get." Frank had the disgusted look of a man who faces an ungrateful world.

"Where is Tiny?"

"Gone upstairs like a flash of lightning. Look here, mother, it wasn't her fault, you know."

"Well; all I can say is that it's very tiresome," said poor Mrs. Leicester. "Do make haste, Frank."

"I'm only waiting till you've done talking to me," Frank replied with boyish doggedness, and stood stock still with his hands in his pockets. Mrs. Leicester uttered an impatient exclamation, and flounced down to the drawing-room, whereupon Frank went up the stairs two at a time, narrowly escaping a meeting with a very cool and carefully-dressed gentleman who was just coming from his room. He made the most of his time, but it was a heavy-browed and rather sullen young host who made his appearance some minutes after dinner was announced, and offered his arm to Mrs. Austin with a muttered apology. Frank was profoundly dissatisfied with his guests and himself. People who were busy with their love affairs while he was a tiresome little boy getting over the measles, belonged altogether to a peculiarly uninteresting past, and the consciousness that he had been wanting in politeness made him angrily uneasy. He made up his mind about Mrs. Austin and Mr. South between his spoonfuls of soup. There was a slight likeness between them at the first glance. It was hardly enough to suggest the idea of brother and sister, but they might have been cousins. They were both tall, fair, and pale; they were very quiet, and when they spoke, it was with a subdued clearness of tone and with a little more finish than Frank himself. The resemblance made them still more uninteresting, and the soft voices struck him as slightly affected. So far as they were concerned, he saw precisely the pair of faded lovers he was prepared to see, but he noticed that Tiny, whose cheeks were a little flushed and whose pulses were a little quickened by their haste and her fear of his mother's displeasure, looked peculiarly vivid and young by the side of the new comers. There was something happy and eager in her utterance of the most commonplace remarks which Frank had not observed before. Cross though he was, he flashed an occasional glance of sympathy and encouragement to his fellow-culprit when he chanced to encounter her bright timid eyes. He would not have Tiny scolded for that afternoon's misconduct, and he watched his mother's manner so jealously that when Mrs. Austin said something about Culverdale, and the road by which she had come, he was preoccupied, and answered rather at random. She turned away with a hardly perceptible smile, and spoke to Gilbert South.

It was a little better when the ladies left the dining-room, for Frank contrived to exchange a smile of reconciliation with his mother as he

held the door, and so went back to his duty with a somewhat brighter face. But it was not much better. These people were not to his taste. They had the air of having seen and known things beyond the range of Culverdale society, and Frank felt shy, young, and half defiant as he sat over his wine with Gilbert South. He suspected his guest of possibly laughing at his youth and awkwardness. It is true that there was nothing in Mr. South's manner to justify the suspicion. He did not look like a man who was in the habit of laughing at his neighbours; but Frank was in an unreasonable mood that evening. He held himself aloof when they went into the drawing-room, still with that heavy consciousness of inhospitable manners upon him, and suffered Mr. South to ask Tiny to sing, and to go to the piano, talk over the songs, and turn the pages for her, while he sat by the table, holding a paper which he did not read.

And then in a moment all was changed—Frank himself—the whole world. Mrs. Austin rose from her seat by Mrs. Leicester, came out of the shadows into the mellow lamplight, and walked to the piano. She simply crossed the room, with the light shining on her pale, beautiful face, as if she were drawn softly by the music. She was utterly unconscious of Frank, who lifted his head from his hand and sat gazing at her, astonished and spell-bound, seeing her for the first time. He had been too sulky and absorbed to pay any attention before; he had had her hand on his arm—fool that he was!—and had taken no heed. Now as she went by it was like a wonderful revelation, and with a perception which to his own consciousness was singularly quickened, he noted every detail of the picture—the delicate features, the soft fine hair, the shadowy eyelids, the lips parted a little in a lingering smile, the hand that drooped and held a fan, the dusky softness of her trailing velvet gown, and the web of yellowish lace at her throat, with a white spark of diamond light in it. It was not such beauty as Frank had ever taken pleasure in, or even recognised, before, and for that very reason he was unable to set any limit to his admiration. The charm was that of a pale gleam in an unknown sky, revealing a new world. He was startled at the sudden rush of feeling which carried him out of the narrow boundaries within which he had been eating, drinking, and sleeping till that moment. It seemed to him as if none of the thoughts and words to which he had been accustomed in that earlier life would serve him now. He had scorned poetry as something foolish and unreal; but it struck him that if he took up a volume of poetry he might chance to find it all coming true. Something wonderful, inexplicable, unforeseen had befallen him in that brief minute; but the important events of life may very well happen in a minute which often goes unrecognised. Frank, however, recognised his as it went by.

He moved a little as he sat, to command a better view of the room. and saw how South, who was stooping to untie a portfolio of Tiny's, rose with a swift glance of welcome as Mrs. Austin approached, and silently

MRS. AUSTIN.

gave her a chair. She laid her hand on the back, but paused, listening. Looking eagerly at the two as they stood side by side, Frank forgot that he had ever seen a resemblance between them, and would have taken it as an insult if any one had suggested that such a resemblance existed. The secret love story, over which he had laughed that afternoon, rose up terribly before his eyes. He remembered every word he had said, how he had proposed to give them their wedding-breakfast, and how he had joked with Tiny about the elderly bride. He hated himself as he recalled the word. Of course, it had been nothing but a joke; Frank knew well enough that a woman who was a girl eighteen years earlier was not elderly; but still he had used it, and the blood rushed to his forehead at the recollection. It was such a detestable word, hard, prosaic, and commonplace; it seemed to vulgarise and spoil whatever it touched. Frank would readily have sacrificed a year of his life (which at his age meant that he would have consented to be a year younger) could he have unsaid that hateful word "elderly." His meditations speedily became so unendurable that, in sheer despair, he got up and went towards the piano. Anything was better than sitting there alone, with an idiotic paper in his hand, which would not distract his attention for a moment, and his thoughts full of the remembrance that he had made fun of Mrs. Austin.

It was with a singular sensation of being at once very dull and clumsy and curiously keen-sighted that he approached his guests. For the first time in his life he understood that real life could be dramatic, since hitherto he had supposed that novels and plays were interesting simply because of their unreality. To say that a thing was like a play, meant that it was unlike anything which would really happen to a sensible Englishman. He had not sufficient imagination to enter into the feelings of the people who came and went about him. Long habit might teach him something of their likes and dislikes, hopes and fears, but he had little or no instinct in such matters, and consequently saw nothing beneath the every-day aspect of life. That night, however, his mother's reminiscences had given him a clue to the deeper meaning of what was passing under his roof, and with that secret knowledge of Mrs. Austin and Mr. South he grasped the situation as if it were on the stage. He saw it as if it were on the stage, but he knew that he was more than a spectator.

Tiny was singing, and Frank halted a little way off, as if to listen. He had never felt so shy and ill at ease in all his life; never felt so little at home as he did standing there in the Manor House drawing-room, in the very heart of his kingdom. Of course, he knew well enough that he was the master of Culverdale, but he did not see that Culverdale had anything to do with this matter. In fact, for the first time in his life, he was profoundly dissatisfied with Culverdale; it was a hole of a place to live in—it had no capabilities. How should they amuse Mrs. Austin? She had been everywhere, she would be bored, she would laugh at it. It

was all very well for Tiny, but Mrs. Austin was very different. They might have company, might "call the neighbours in," as the old nursery rhyme has it; but all the neighbours were bores. Frank had not discovered the fact before, but he perceived it now in the light of Mrs. Austin's presence, and reflected that a dinner party of twenty-bore power would not mend matters much.

Tiny's song came to an end, and Frank awoke to the consciousness that he was looking straight at Mrs. Austin in his perplexity.

"Something makes you very grave, Mr. Leicester," she said, with a slight smile.

"I—I was thinking." And Frank fairly stammered over this brilliant reply.

"So deeply that it was a shame to interrupt you."

"No, no, not at all. In fact I was thinking—I was afraid you would find this place very stupid—I was wondering what we could do that you would like."

"You were thinking about *that*?" Mrs. Austin, who had thought Frank very boyish and sulky at dinner, looked up at him now with sudden interest. She was surprised and a little touched, for there was no mistaking Frank's sincerity. "But, Mr. Leicester," she said, "there is no occasion for this terrible anxiety. I assure you I'm not a difficult person to amuse. What made you think I was?"

"No; I didn't think it," said Frank. "But if there is nothing at all, how then?"

"Come, it isn't so bad as that. There must be some walks, for instance."

"Oh, well, yes, there are some walks," Frank admitted, rather grudgingly. "I didn't know whether you would care for walks."

"Yes, in moderation. Not what you call walking, I daresay. And drives?"

"Yes," he said, "you can drive as much as ever you like; only I don't exactly know what there is to drive to."

"You are not encouraging," said Mrs. Austin, with a little laugh.

"There *is* a ruin," said Frank. "Tiny and I were thinking that perhaps you would like to go to-morrow afternoon, if it is fine. But it is nothing of a place," he continued, fixing his brown eyes despondently on the floor, as if he saw the whole thing in the compass of an Indian rug.

"Ruined too much, or not ruined enough?" she inquired.

"Oh, ruined quite enough—too much if anything."

"I like a neglected ruin; I hate restorations. I am sure I shall like to see this one," said Mrs. Austin graciously. "And what is this building, or rather, what was it?"

"Well," Frank replied, "it's a bit of a little tower—Culverdale Castle some people call it." (He had invariably called it so himself till that evening.) "Perhaps," he added, with a fine irony, for he was growing more fluent, "it might have been the fashion to have your castles small when this one was built; or perhaps it wasn't quite full

grown when it began to fall to pieces—I don't know. But Culverdale Castle—O Lord!" Frank's tone, as he spoke of his little ruin, conveyed contemptuous disgust, as if it were no more than a decayed tooth.

Mrs. Austin slowly turned a ring on her finger. "I don't know that I'm so very particular about the size of my ruins," she said; "some people are, I believe. I remember going once to see the remains of a Roman villa with some friends. I think they expected to find it standing up with a knocker on the door, and they were very much disappointed; in fact, they said it was a swindle. I won't say your ruin is a swindle, Mr. Leicester, especially after all your warnings."

"You may if you like," said Frank, gloomily. "I think myself a thing ought to be a decent size. What did you say just now, that you didn't like 'em restored?"

"No, I don't. Why? Has this been restored?"

He shook his head. "It's all right, then. I only thought that if you would have liked a little more of it, I might have gone over to-morrow with a hod of mortar and a barrow-load of stones and done it up for you. Only then you couldn't have driven there till Saturday."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Austin, smiling, "I think I would rather go to-morrow, and see it as it is."

"Well—only you won't expect anything, will you?"

"No, I won't. Do you always depreciate Culverdale and everything belonging to it in this fashion?"

The point-blank question, asked in the quietest of tones, was not easy to answer. "I don't know; not particularly," said the disingenuous young man. "It does well enough for me, you know."

"I suspect it would do well enough for a good many people," Mrs. Austin replied. "That was rather a pretty road I came by from the station this afternoon—you shall not run everything down so unmercifully." Frank coloured with pleasure to hear her defending Culverdale. He felt as if she were taking his part against himself. "And, by the way," she went on, "there is one thing I want to see which you do not propose to show me, apparently."

Frank emerged from the depth of his despair. "What is that—tell me?"

"Why," said Mrs. Austin, "I want you to show me over your house. I am sure you have all manner of delightful old things stored away here. I caught sight of a lovely old carved cupboard at the top of the stairs, as I came down, which looked as if it ought to be a perfect mine of wealth."

"What sort of old things?" Frank inquired anxiously. "Old china, do you mean, and pictures, and old work—do you care for them?"

"Why, yes; don't we all care for them nowadays?" said Mrs. Austin, with something which, though hardly so much as a smile, was like soft sunshine while she spoke. "I'm not conspicuously behind the age, Mr. Leicester—I'm very like other people."

"That I don't believe," muttered Frank, under his breath. It was

doubtful whether his companion caught the words or not. Her eyes rested on him with a faintly inquiring expression, and he went on hurriedly, "Let me show you, then. You shall see all that there is."

"That will be very good of you. I should like it very much. I suppose you know everything in the house by heart?" said Mrs. Austin, furling and unfurling her fan, and looking up kindly at Frank.

"All those things? No, indeed I don't," the young man answered, half laughing and half confused. "I know there are a lot of old pictures and heirlooms about the place. I've always been meaning to learn all about them, but I never have. But I'll find out," he added courageously.

"It doesn't sound as if you would be a very trustworthy guide."

"Oh, try me first!" he exclaimed. "Then when you have exhausted my stock of information you can have somebody else who knows more; and then——"

"And then?" she repeated when he paused.

"Why," said Frank, blushing like a shy schoolboy, "then I think you had better teach me."

Mrs. Austin looked at him smilingly. "It would only be common gratitude, would it?" she said.

"It is a bargain, then," he urged. "But when? Candle-light isn't any good, you know. Will to-morrow morning do?"

She answered that to-morrow morning would suit her perfectly, and looked past Frank in a way that made him turn and discover Mr. Gilbert South at his elbow, smiling agreeably, and holding a piece of music. He promptly announced the nature of his errand.

"Miss Vivian has sent me to ask if you will sing this with her."

Frank hesitated; looking at the song, at Mr. South, at Tiny, who from her music-stool surveyed the scene, and waited the result of her embassy.

"Pray do," said Mrs. Austin. "Especially as I see that Miss Vivian has chosen a song which happens to be a favourite of mine."

"All right," said Frank, and taking it from Mr. South, he went to the piano. He had had his back to Tiny during his talk, and now that he walked towards her it was with a clouded face. He had suddenly recollected that there was no occasion for *him* to amuse Mrs. Austin. South had been invited on purpose to do that. "I daresay she was wishing for him all the time!" thought Frank, with a bitter throb of jealousy. "Well, I don't care; I'll show her the house to-morrow. It's my house—it's all I have, and I will have that, at any rate! And he shan't come with us either; the others can take him round, if they like."

"Aren't you very grateful?" said Tiny, in a whisper, looking up at him with a sunny little face, and arching her delicate brows as if to point the question. "I saw how good you were, and I knew how you must hate it."

"Your eyes are very sharp," Frank replied.

She nodded. "Oh, but it wasn't only then," she said, setting up the music before her, and flattening the page with a touch of her soft little brown hand. "I looked at you at dinner-time, and I saw you didn't like her. I can always tell whether you like people or not."

"Can you? What do you think if I behave to anybody just as I do to you?"

"I shall not answer that question," said Tiny, firmly. "You seem to have forgotten that we are never to talk about anybody but people in general, and you didn't behave to her just as you do to me, so that has nothing whatever to do with it. Do you know, I think I have had the best of it this evening? I said I shouldn't like her, and I don't; but he is rather nice."

"Rather nice, is he?"

"Yes," Tiny answered, "he is. Now are you ready?"

Mrs. Austin, listening to her young friend's performance, decided that he had a pleasant voice, sadly in want of a little training. "Do you sing now?" she asked Gilbert South.

The 'now' marked a remembrance that he sang of old. "Not to-night," he answered hastily; "to-morrow, perhaps."

"Dear me! Everything seems to be for to-morrow," said Mrs. Austin, leaning back in her chair and looking down.

"I should rather have said that everything had been yesterday," South answered in a low voice.

"To-day comes off badly either way," she rejoined lightly, but without raising her eyes. "It generally does, I think."

He fancied there was a touch of mockery in her tone, but he could not be sure. "Do not say anything against to-day," he said; "I have looked forward to it for a long while."

"Ah, then you are sure to be disappointed!"

"Am I disappointed?" said Gilbert. "That is what I want to know." He turned quickly to the piano. "Thank you; that is a charming song." He went back to Tiny Vivian, while Mrs. Austin, softly murmuring her thanks, rose and returned to Mrs. Leicester, who roused herself from a state of drowsy contentment to entertain her.

Frank had no further opportunity that evening. Perhaps had one presented itself he would hardly have taken advantage of it. When the party separated for the night he lingered at the door, and caught a glimpse of Mrs. Austin going up the shallow steps of polished oak, and that moment taught him that his old staircase was a fitting background for a picture. Coming back, he took up his accustomed position on the hearth-rug, so absorbed in his own thoughts that he seemed almost sullen. He was glad that Mr. South was tired, and would not stay to smoke and talk. He bade Tiny a brief good-night; he stood looking heavily at his mother as she wandered about the room, gathering up her scattered possessions.

"You don't like these people, do you?" she said.

Frank muttered something to the effect that South was well enough. "No, but you don't like them. I didn't much suppose you would; but I thought you wouldn't mind for once. We don't often have any body you don't like."

"All right," said Frank. "I didn't complain, did I?"

"No; and it was very nice of you to go and talk to Mildred Austin this evening. You did go and talk to her? I didn't dream it, surely? I was half asleep, I think."

"Yes; I talked to her."

"And you know it is only for poor Carrie's sake—just a fancy of mine. It won't be for long, Frank."

"No," said Frank, "I don't at all suppose it will be for long."

"Mildred was always considered very good-looking," Mrs. Leicester remarked in a musing tone, standing still with a work-basket in her hand. "Of course, she has gone off a good deal—though really not so much as one might have expected—since I first knew her. But I know she isn't your style of beauty, even if she were not elderly, as you and Tiny were saying this afternoon. Oh, you young folks!" And Mrs. Leicester ended her sentence with a good-humoured chuckle of reminiscence.

There was a pause before Frank opened his lips. Since the time was just long enough to permit of making an appeal to high Heaven, it may be hoped that it was so employed. "I'm sure I never said she was my style," he answered, and added in a lower voice, "I know very well she isn't!" And with that he turned on his heel and went away to bed.

It was evident that young Leicester might dream his new dream with little fear of discovery, unless Gilbert South should detect his secret. Mrs. Leicester and Tiny Vivian had both perceived that Frank did not like Mrs. Austin. Tiny, being keener sighted than the elder lady, might possibly reconsider the matter; but such a conviction is not lightly set aside. Life is long enough for many changes; but it is not long enough to allow of our recognising many changes in our friends. Having once settled what they must be (which is easily done, since there is but one really complicated human being in the world), it is obviously necessary that they should always be what we have determined they are. How otherwise could we go through life with any feeling of security? It would be little less intolerable than if the hills and valleys, fields and highroads around us, should shift about and journey in different directions, under a sky whose stars were playing hide and seek with the astronomers.

II.

If Frank had discovered Mrs. Austin's supreme loveliness and charm in the soft lights and shadows of the evening, it was appropriately reserved for Mrs. Austin to perceive that the morning was the time which best suited her young host. If Mr. South, and perhaps Mrs. Austin

herself, should chance to be a little pale and languid, a little conscious of a shadowy past,

Clouding o'er the new-born day

With regrets of yester-morn,

a little disinclined to recommence the monotonous journey from dawn to dusk, which after all seemed to lead to nothing very splendid, one would have said that Frank Leicester was alive and glad with all the life and gladness of the newly-wakened world. He was not in the breakfast-room when Mrs. Austin came down, but, before she had well answered Mrs. Leicester's questions about her night's rest, she heard that he had been out and about for a couple of hours. "He was here a minute or two ago," said Tiny Vivian, herself a radiant, bright-eyed, early riser, "he will be back directly. He only went into the garden." And as the words were uttered Mrs. Austin looked out, and saw Frank emerging from an opening in the tall yew hedge which bounded the view on one side, and coming up the path, with the sunshine glistening on the short waves of his brown hair, and his dog leaping at his lifted hand. If there was a touch of something rustic about Frank, it was an unmixed charm just then, as he opened the glass door and stepped in, fresh as if he had been steeped to the heart in the air and sunshine of "the country green." He brought a breath of the sweet morning with him, telling how he had brushed through leafy ways and looked across his level meadows before his guests were ready to lift their tired heads from their pillows. He had gone to bed with a heavy heart, but he came forward now, happy and hopeful in spite of himself, and prodigiously hungry.

Breakfast over, Mrs. Leicester excused herself on the plea of orders to give to the housekeeper. "That means an hour's gossip," said Frank to a family portrait.

"It means your dinner, you ungrateful boy," Mrs. Leicester replied as she opened the door.

There was a brief silence after her departure. The four who remained, and whose duty it was to amuse and to be amused, seemed a little uncertain how to set about it. Tiny was the first to make an effort. A suggestive remark, aimed at Mr. South, brought him to her side where she stood at the window, a dialogue on gardens followed as naturally as possible, and in less than five minutes the pair were setting out to study the example which lay before them, basking in the yellow September sunshine. Mrs. Austin, meanwhile, was glancing over the *Times*, and young Leicester, as he leaned against the chimney-piece, pencilled figures on the back of an envelope, and added or subtracted in a curiously haphazard fashion. He never once looked at Mr. South and Tiny, and Tiny was apparently unconscious that Mrs. Austin and he were still alive. When the couple were fairly gone, and the sound of their footsteps and voices had died away, Frank drew a long breath, glanced at his bit of paper as if he did not think much of arithmetic in

general, tore it across, and stood waiting his companion's pleasure and reflecting on the advantages of early rising.

While Mrs. Austin was yet half asleep, Frank and Tiny had held a consultation on the lawn, under the tulip trees. Starting from the ascertained fact of his dislike to the strangers, it struck Tiny as very nice of him to say that he would show Mrs. Austin round the house after breakfast. But, knowing that even Frank was mortal, she was not surprised that he set a limit to his self-sacrifice. "Look here, Tiny, I can't stand both of them," he had said. "You'll have to take your friend South away somewhere. You like him best, you say—well, I don't. Besides, I expect I shall have enough of him to-morrow. Take him round the grounds, can't you?" And when Tiny hazarded a smiling reference to the story they had heard the day before, he stopped her rather abruptly. "Oh, let my mother mind her own matchmaking—it's no concern of ours. We've only got to keep the secret. And don't you see, Tiny, it would look very queer if you and I walked off and left them to themselves?" Tiny saw that. "They'll have time enough and to spare," said Frank, finally.

"So they will," she assented. "This afternoon, when you are out of the way."

"Yes," said Frank, gazing intently at a weed in the turf, "they'll have this afternoon." And so it happened that, while the afternoon was reserved for Gilbert South, Frank had the morning.

"Are you inclined to have a look round the place?" he inquired in a meek voice, when Mrs. Austin seemed to have finished the *Times*. He waited for her answer with some anxiety. Suppose she should have changed her mind, or forgotten all about it! Experience, it is true, had taught him that women were flatteringly compliant when they had to deal with the young owner of Culverdale Manor. Frank's propositions were invariably applauded by his feminine listeners, and he knew very well that if he were to suggest to any girl in the neighbourhood that they should ascend Mount Everest together, she would say it was a delightful idea, and would take his arm to start off that moment. Frank had never found women capricious. Though he was as ready as any other man to say *Souvent femme varie*, in point of fact, in his little flirtations, it was always Mr. Francis Leicester who changed very quickly, and the girl who showed an unnecessary and sometimes reproachful constancy. According to experience, Frank should have had no misgivings when he reminded Mrs. Austin of her promise. But he instinctively felt that his experience was not likely to be of much service to him on this occasion. "You said you should like it—there isn't much to show you, but will you come?" he asked with simple directness.

Mrs. Austin looked up a little absently. Their talk of the evening before had not made a deep impression on her, and she had almost made up her mind to spend the morning in writing letters. When Frank spoke she had just reckoned up the most tiresome of her correspondents,

and had decided that she might hope to possess an easy conscience by luncheon-time. But as she met his eyes she remembered his anxiety to amuse her, and checked the answer which was on her lips. He was a nice hospitable boy, this son of Fanny Leicester's, and if he wanted to do the honours of his home he should have his way. Her letters could wait, and she would see Frank's old china in the morning and his little ruin in the afternoon.

"Will I come?" she repeated. "Of course I will come. I shall be delighted." And she rose instantly, with a sweet readiness which filled Frank's soul with a tumult of delight.

It was speedily obvious that the young man knew very little about the things he had undertaken to show. He was vaguely proud of his heirlooms because they were heirlooms. It pleased him to think that he inherited as a matter of course what other people were so anxious to buy. His old oak had been carved for the Manor House, his old cups and dishes had belonged to generations of dead and gone Leicesters. That was enough for him. He remembered the names of a few of the portraits, and in one or two notable cases could even tell the artist, but his remarks as a rule were not instructive. "Oh, I recollect that one," he would say, with a glance of recognition, "used to hang in the little room out of the gallery upstairs," or it might be, "Do you see that queer old fellow up there? I remember I was awfully afraid of him when I was a little chap; I thought he walked." Sometimes he confined himself to a simple expression of opinion. "That's a comical get-up—doesn't she look as if she'd got a duster and a feather on her head? Do you suppose that's a cap, now, or a hat?" But, curiously enough, his ignorance did not affect Mrs. Austin unpleasantly. She did not feel as if Frank were an outsider, but rather as if the connection between him and the people on the walls was close enough to justify a disregard of mere book-knowledge about them. She could have learned more names and dates in a couple of days than Frank had acquired in his life, but he claimed kindred with the portraits in the very look and attitude with which he confronted them. There was a young squire of more than a century earlier who might have been his brother. Mrs. Austin called his attention to the likeness, and Frank, with his handsome head thrown back, stood gazing at him in a glow of suddenly-awakened friendliness. "I wonder who he was?" she said. "Suppose he turned out to be a namesake of yours?"

"I'm sure I don't know," the young fellow answered. "Is he really like me?" And, without waiting for her reply, he went on, "I'm idiotically ignorant."

"Don't call yourself names," said Mrs. Austin. "You certainly are ignorant, and it is very disgraceful, but I rather like it. People who know too much won't let one make any discoveries or imagine anything on one's own account. Now you leave me quite free in that respect."

Frank smiled somewhat ruefully. "If that is all you want, I am perfect."

They went upstairs, and there he had rather an easier part to play, as she could appreciate what she saw without his explanation. He was eager to fit keys into locks for her, and would readily have broken open any obstinate door which resisted his efforts. Certainly, if the future was to be for Gilbert South, the present time was Frank's, and he made good use of it, for before that journey of discovery was over, the house was peopled with beautiful memories. There was Mrs. Austin pausing at the top of the stairs, and smiling at a grotesque head which grinned from the door of an old cabinet—Mrs. Austin intent on a dingy bit of tapestry, and triumphantly discovering Rebekah at the well—Mrs. Austin laughingly putting him aside when he failed to unlock a great oak chest, and turning the key with her slim white fingers—Mrs. Austin looking out from an oriel window across the sunlit oaks and chestnuts of the park with a tranquil far-seeing gaze. There was more to remember of this, for in the act of turning away she stopped short, "Oh, there's some beautiful old china," she said, "I must have a look at that! Don't you care for these things, really, Mr. Leicester?"

"No,—I don't know—I mean Yes," said Frank. "Don't you think they are women's things?"

"Women's things? Don't be so scornful," said Mrs. Austin, with her quiet smile.

"That isn't scornful," he answered slowly. "I meant——" He paused, and looked at her, at the brown oak panelling behind her head, at the blue and white china, at her lifted hand as she put back a cup. The sunshine, slipping through the leaves which wavered outside, brightened the picture with capricious touches of gold.

"Well—you meant? I am waiting."

"Why," said Frank, "what good are these things to me? I don't understand 'em, you know. I can read the papers and go over my bailiff's accounts just as well without two blue plates and an old teapot in front of me. But when you stand there it's different—they seem to be all right somehow."

Mrs. Austin met his gaze with a little touch of laughter just at the corners of her mouth. "Upon my word!" she said, "I didn't know that I was in such perfect harmony with an old teapot. Well, it is something, no doubt, to be able to adorn the leisure moments of life—when the bailiff is away!" Frank would have protested, but she checked him with a quick little movement of her head. "Are you going to explain yourself? Don't—an explanation is enough to spoil the most beautiful thing that ever was said, and to make the worst worse. Besides, there is no need."

"No," he answered with a laugh, "I don't suppose there is."

Mrs. Austin ended by enjoying her morning in a very bright simple fashion, and feeling a little as if she and Frank were a couple of children

engaged in some delightful piece of mischief. Frank had certainly hampered a lock, broken a little saucer, lost one key on the floor of a dark cupboard, and mixed up the remainder in hopeless confusion. He knew there were some queer old dresses somewhere, he remembered having seen them as a boy, and in the search for them he took Mrs. Austin into all sorts of shadowy corners, and made interesting discoveries of old brooms and brushes and dusty books. On one shelf he found some toys, shabby with ill-usage and long neglect. He stood looking at these for a moment, bewildered to find that he had forgotten them so utterly and remembered them so well. He stooped to touch a little painted water-cart, and then shut them all into the darkness again with a lingering smile. At last he came upon the old brocades and laces of which he was in search, and looked anxiously to see whether they would please his companion. "Are they right!" he said, "or don't you care for them?" As soon as he was satisfied on this point, he would have tossed them all over the floor for her inspection, if she had permitted it. "Look like private theatricals, don't they?" he said when he was bidden to stand on one side.

"Oh, isn't this lovely?" she exclaimed, without heeding his question.

He considered the pale delicately-flowered silk with a puzzled face. "Lovely? Isn't it rather queer and—and—washy?" he said at last.

"Oh, that won't do at all!" Mrs. Austin replied, smiling up at him. "That isn't what we say about such things nowadays. We must educate you."

"Well," said Frank, with a flash of inspiration; "I think I should know better if I saw it on." Mrs. Austin shook it out daintily to let the light fall on it, and he looked from the silk to her face, and back again. All at once he seemed to see what she would look like in it; a tall slight figure in the quaint old gown. "Yes," he said, with sudden conviction, "I see now. It's beautiful."

"You are a promising scholar," she replied. "What were you saying about theatricals just now? But these things are too good for theatricals—too real for such little candle-light shams."

"Not a bit too good—if you would act!"

She shook her head. "Not even to wear this dress! Though that would be delightful."

"Do," said Frank. "Why not? I'd get myself up like my friend downstairs—the man over the library chimney-piece, you know. Would that be right with this of yours?"

It was Mrs. Austin's turn to call up a picture, and she raised her eyes to his face. "Oh, yes, I think so. We should be in the same half-century at any rate, quite near enough for private theatricals."

"Oh, I say!" Frank exclaimed. "Half a century!"

"Well, I admit it would be an awkward interval in real life," said Mrs. Austin, smiling. "But I think it might do on the stage."

"Let's try it," said Frank, with his face aglow.

"No," she answered very gently and decidedly. "Why not ask Miss Vivian?"

"Tiny!" The suggestion called him out of an enchanted world into his everyday existence, and he had to check himself lest he should say something ungracious.

"She would look charming in some of these things," said Mrs. Austin thoughtfully.

"I daresay she would—I mean, I'm sure she would. Well, we can think of that—any time."

"And do you think we can join the others—any time?" his companion inquired. "I should say we had better bring our investigations to an end, and look for them. Your mother will think we are lost."

Frank attempted no remonstrance; and she laid everything back in its place with a charming dexterity, only pausing once to look at some old lace. He watched her, still with the shadow on his face which had come when that mention of Tiny's name reminded him of more than Tiny.

They went downstairs, but could find no one. "My mother is having more than an hour's gossip to-day," said Frank. He turned to a side window and looked out. "And the others are playing lawn-tennis."

Mrs. Austin provided herself with a parasol, and they went across the lawn to find the players. Tiny Vivian had enjoyed her morning very well, though she had been conscious that Frank and Mrs. Austin were a long while going round the house. She had not, however, got beyond the feeling that it was very good of Frank, and she came to meet the pair with a bright face of welcome. "Coming to play?" she said gaily.

"All right," said Frank; and he turned to his companion, "You will, won't you?"

Mrs. Austin shook her head. "No—I can't play. No—don't offer to teach me—it's very kind of you, but I'm too old to begin now."

If he were disappointed, it was only for a moment, for in a moment he felt that he would rather not see Mrs. Austin rushing about after balls, eager, excited, flushed. Tiny might, of course, but not Mrs. Austin. "It isn't that!" he said, in answer to her smiling refusal. "You could learn anything you liked, but you are quite right—it would not be worth your learning." And he went away with long steps to fetch her a chair. When he came back, Gilbert South was describing something to Tiny in his soft voice, and Mrs. Austin stood a little apart, studying the old house with tranquil eyes.

Frank brought the chair, and an Indian shawl of his mother's which he had picked up in the hall. "Will you have this on?" he said. "No? Then I'll put it over the chair. It's a very ugly chair." Frank had never been in the habit of eyeing his furniture so discontentedly.

"It's very comfortable," said Mrs. Austin, giving a touch to his arrangement of the drapery which seemed to make it exactly right. "Now I won't keep you from your game."

"Look here, Frank," said Tiny, lightly touching his arm with her little sunburnt fingers; "leave me out this time. You play with Mr. South."

"No, no, Miss Vivian, that won't do," Gilbert protested. "You've been describing Mr. Leicester as a champion player, and I'm not going to be pitted against him for you to laugh at my clumsiness."

"You're not clumsy," Tiny replied, quite simply.

"Thank you," said South, with a little bow. "But I'm a beginner, you know, and you have undertaken my education. Suppose you let me learn a little by looking on."

"Come then, Tiny," said Frank. After all he had had his turn. It was only fair play to make way for the rival who was also his guest.

Gilbert strolled across to where Mrs. Austin sat, and threw himself on the grass at her feet. "Upon my word," he said, "I'm not sorry to rest a little. I've taken a good deal of exercise this morning!"

Mrs. Austin smiled, and watched the game, though she did not understand it sufficiently to appreciate Frank's skill. She was interested in the two agile figures merely as a picture—a pretty picture in the autumn sunshine. Gilbert, at her feet, leaning on his elbow, seemed as if he also were watching the two figures, but in reality his eyes were fixed upon a third, a tall slender girl, fair, graceful, swift, playing battle-dore and shuttlecock in the stillness of a summer evening, close by an old red-brick wall on which peaches were trained. Above the wall a thin rank of trees rose against a clear sky. There was an arch over the garden path, a tangle of climbing roses, delicate leaf-sprays, and clusters of loose white flowers, under which the girl would go when the game was over and the sun gone down. And beyond the buttressed wall, where the elm boughs were stirring in the cool evening air, was the great world, beginning at the ivy-grown garden gate and stretching away to unknown distances. To India, for instance, which lay waiting for a young fellow who was to do the most remarkable things. It was wonderful only to think of the sights he was to see, the strange faces, the strange skies, before he came home bronzed and bearded, to stroll once more along the grassy walks and find the clustered roses of a later year hanging white in the twilight. As he left the garden for the last time that home-coming had been almost as vivid and real as the tender pain of parting. Afterwards it faded away into a dim picture, sad as such pictures are when what was to have become an actual future is put aside and marked, "it might have been." But now while he lay on the turf, watching Tiny and Frank, it rose up before his eyes as clearly outlined as of old.

It could never be. The heads of the household were dead, the old home was broken up, the house was sold. Gilbert had a vague remembrance of having been told that a retired tradesman, who piqued himself on growing big pine-apples, had taken the place and improved it immensely. However long his life might last, it could never hold that

happy home-coming, as a hero, to the old garden, and the girl who was to wait for him there.

He raised himself a little, and turned to Mrs. Austin, who was leaning back against Frank's Indian shawl. "Do you remember," he said, "how we used to play battledore and shuttlecock at West Hill?"

She looked down at his uplifted face. "Yes," she answered, in her tranquil voice; "I remember." And after a just perceptible pause, she added, "perfectly."

That "perfectly" disconcerted him a little, and checked a sentence on his lips. As a rule it is not a perfect but a discriminating memory which we desire to find in our friends. Gilbert asked himself whether there was a touch of ironical meaning in her words, or only a frank simplicity. "It's a long while ago!" he said. It was a safe remark to make and not an original one. Yet something in his accent made it sound almost like an entreaty.

Mrs. Austin smiled. "It's a very long while ago. These young people were in the nursery then, I suppose, and now their turn has come round."

"Do we only have one turn?" said Gilbert, looking down and touching the end of the shawl which trailed on the short dry turf.

"Ah, that I can't say!" she answered lightly. "How can I tell what Fate may have in store for you? I fancy you are younger than I am now."

"No, no!" he exclaimed. "But tell me—am I much changed?"

Her eyes rested on him in smiling scrutiny. "No," she said; "I think you have changed very little indeed."

"You are right," he said, after a pause. "I am very little changed. And you?"

"What do you think?"

South quitted his lounging attitude and sat up. "That's a question I can't answer. You are changed, and yet I fancy you are not changed. You were only a girl, you know——"

"And now I'm an old woman!"

He winced as if the words hurt him. "Don't say that! Not even as a joke!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" she retorted. "I remember now I am a year and a half younger than you."

"Oh, you may call me what you like," said Gilbert. "I can assure you I feel old enough—sometimes—detestably, flatly, hopelessly old!" He spoke quickly and passionately, the sunshine lighted his fair handsome features, and the description of himself which was absurd in connection with his actual years was rendered more obviously so by the fact that, apart from a certain expression of face, Gilbert South was a very young-looking man. He had the air of being conscious of every moment of his past life. One would have said that he continually "added up the mortal amount" of days, weeks, and years which he had spent on earth,

and carried the total in his weary thoughts. And all the time it seemed as if he only wanted a touch of something not easy to define, of hopefulness, perhaps, or passion, or even defiance, to make him as young as he was at five-and-twenty. It was hardly wanting as he turned to Mrs. Austin. "Say what you please of me! It doesn't matter. But don't say it of yourself. If *you* —"

The sentence was never finished. "I believe those two are actually going to leave off playing," he said in a tone of gentle acquiescence in the decrees of destiny.

When the time came for the party to set out on their excursion to the Castle, Frank saw them off with an anxious solicitude for their comfort, which pleased his mother very much. Tiny, behind the scenes, remarked it too, and said to herself that Frank could afford to be very polite since he was going to get rid of his two bores for the whole afternoon. She liked the politeness none the less for her knowledge of her cousin's motive, and nodded him a bright farewell as she took her place in the carriage.

To the last moment young Leicester was apparently troubled with misgivings about his ruin. "You'll remember that it's a very little one," he said to Mrs. Austin, while his mother was arranging herself and her many shawls.

"Do you know that you are really heightening my expectations?" she replied. "When were you there last? I hope nobody has taken a fancy to it since then and put it in his pocket."

Frank laughed. "I hope not," he said. "Tiny can find it for you, if it's still there. She knows where to look for it."

"Where to look for what?" Mrs. Leicester inquired. "Wild flowers? We are quite ready, tell them, Frank." And they drove off.

As soon as they were beyond the park gates Mrs. Austin was called upon to admire the scenery. "Of course, we don't pretend to have any wonderful hills and rocks and waterfalls and things," said Mrs. Leicester. "But it is just the kind of landscape I like: so simple and English and home-like. Look at that bit of path and that stile, now—wouldn't it make a sweet little water-colour picture? With a pretty girl, you know, or an old woman in a red cloak."

It struck Mrs. Austin that the stile, or any number of stiles exactly like it, had been so wearisomely fitted with simpering rustics that the suggestion was unnecessary. Mrs. Leicester, however, obviously prided herself on the idea as an original one. "And I like this up and down much better than those very steep hills—they make such endless trouble with the horses," the good lady went on. She smiled kindly round on everything, and seemed to settle herself comfortably in the country as if it had been made to suit her. And indeed if it had been designed with that intention it would hardly have been different.

Mrs. Austin was civil though not enthusiastic in her reply. She would have preferred something wilder and more hilly; but, then, the

sleek chestnuts were not her horses. Or, failing that, she would have had the pretty little undulations, which pleased Mrs. Leicester, abolished altogether. She would have liked to drive swiftly forward over wide lonely levels with the great arch of sky overhead. She did not appreciate the carefully kept hedges, enclosing stubble and turnips, nor the prim little plantations which looked like preparatory schools for young trees, nor the small spire which rose with an air of the utmost decorum above a neat churchyard.

"There is Frank!" said Tiny Vivian.

They all turned to look at the distant figure, which Tiny, who knew the road that he would take, had recognised. Frank was seen for a moment on a gentle ascent and then lost behind a clump of trees, but the glimpse remained with Mrs. Austin as a little picture. She did not know why it was that the words "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow," came into her head as he rode away, but she realised all at once how precious the kindly, handsome, commonplace young fellow was in his own home. Mrs. Austin, as she sat absently looking at Frank's bit of road, was thinking of a baby's little grave, closed ten years earlier over a life too short to be borne in anybody's mind but hers. "The only son of his mother." And when she died the little memory could interest no one but the busy people who count up births and deaths and take pleasure in averages. Even for her it had no individuality that could be expressed in words, though she would not have parted with it for all that life could give.

Meanwhile the carriage rolled smoothly on, and she looked right and left at all the views that were pointed out to her, till Mrs. Leicester was able to announce, with proud excitement, "And there—no, not *there*—a little farther—no, that tree is in the way for a moment—there! *now* don't you see a bit of the Castle wall! Don't *you*, Mr. South? Just beyond the field where the cow is."

Two minutes later they pulled up by the roadside, at the point nearest to the ruins, and the party set out to walk the brief remainder of the way. There was no difficulty in finding the Castle. It stood, together with a small haystack, in the corner of a dreary little field, and consisted of part of a tower, a few scattered fragments of stone, and the broken remains of a bit of low wall. "No doubt," said Mrs. Leicester, "it once extended much farther, and was a magnificent building." She added dignity to the bit of wall by calling it the "rampart." South, who assented to all her views, called it so too, as soon as he found out what she meant, and delighted her by suggesting the possibility of discovering foundations with the help of a little judicious digging. The good lady sat down on a fallen stone to consider the idea, while he undertook to walk round the ruins and inspect them more thoroughly. For this purpose he joined the other two, who were gazing up at the tower. "I don't know anything about it except that it is very old," Miss Vivian was saying as he came up. She looked a little doubtfully at Gilbert, as

if she suspected him of possibly making fun of Culverdale Castle, which no one but Frank had any business to do, but after a minute she slipped quietly away and left him with Mrs. Austin.

"And what do you think of it?" he said.

She smiled. "Perhaps it would be more cheerful if there were more of it. It strikes me as the most melancholy little ruin I ever saw. It's a mercy the sun is shining."

"It is melancholy," he said, looking round at the flat green meadow. The tower was of a blackish grey, crusted with lichen; the grass at its foot and the spreading docks grew coarsely from the ill-drained soil, and a sluggish little stream crawled a little way off.

"People talk of fortresses frowning," said Mrs. Austin; "I think this would if it could. There's a touch of malice about it, though it is too petty to threaten."

"It isn't amiable-looking," said Gilbert, with an air of entire conviction. He knew what he was expected to say, though in truth he was not thinking much about the Castle. They strolled a little farther, and when they reached the wall he made a careful survey of the other side.

"What are you looking for?" Mrs. Austin inquired.

He laughed a little consciously. "Walls have ears, they say. It's true this might be deaf by now—it's old enough."

She raised her eyes to his face. "Does it matter whether it's deaf or not?"

"Well, yes; I think it does. There might be a country bumpkin asleep on the grass. We might wake him up."

"If I understand country bumpkins, we should be doing him a service."

Gilbert stood smiling and pulling his moustache, as if he were calling up a half-remembered scene. "Once I thought myself alone," he said, "utterly alone. That was in a ruin, too, a long while ago, and I—well, I recited some poetry. Suddenly I felt an impulse to look behind a pillar, and there was a brute, in a cheap travelling-suit, grinning from ear to ear. I had a great mind to kill him."

"You didn't, I hope!" said Mrs. Austin, sitting down on a broken bit of wall and putting up her parasol. "Not but what there are plenty of people in cheap travelling-suits."

"No, I took off my hat to him, and walked away. I didn't kill him, but I think I might as well; he couldn't have haunted me worse. However, it taught me caution."

"So it seems. And you are going to recite poetry now?"

"No; I don't think I am. At least—yes. I am going to talk about Cornwall."

"Is that poetry?"

"Isn't it?" said Gilbert, coming a step nearer. "Or, rather, wasn't it?"

"Perhaps in King Arthur's days."

"In no days of your own!—of our own!" he persisted, in a low voice. "If the old time at West Hill wasn't poetry, there has been none in my life. You said this morning you had not forgotten it."

"No," she answered, "I have not; but if that were poetry, it strikes me that the volume was closed and laid away, a long while ago."

"It is true," said South. "You needn't remind me that I was the first to close it. I'm not likely to forget that! But, for the sake of those old Cornish days, I want you to let me say a word of explanation."

Mrs. Austin shook her head with a smile that was half hopeless, half compassionate. "No, no; there is no need of explanation—do not let us have any. You make me repeat myself," she added, lightly. "I told Mr. Leicester this morning that I objected to explanations."

South arched his brows. "It seems to me that it was early for Mr. Leicester to be trying to explain himself!"

"Possibly. And for you it is—late." Her tone was very kind as she went on. "Do you not see that if I had misunderstood you all these years, you could hardly set me right now? But I don't think I did misunderstand you; and for proof of it we were to be friends; and we are friends, I hope."

"It was all my fault," said South; "and to think that I never saw you from the day we parted at West Hill till yesterday! Tell me what you thought of me after I went."

She met his glance, but evaded his question. "There was no fault in the matter. Don't you remember we were to be quite free? You had a right to change your mind, and so had I."

"I was a fool! I was a raw boy—I was flattered; and she never meant anything!"

Mrs. Austin made a quick sign with her hand. "Oh, let it all rest!" she said. "You wrote afterwards; you did explain all that there was to explain. It was then that we agreed to be friends. Let us keep to that. As you say, it was only a boy and girl affair." She rose as she spoke, but Gilbert followed her.

"It is hard," he said. "My best wouldn't have been good enough; and it is you, of all people in the world, who know the worst of me."

She stopped, looked him in the face, and smiled. "It isn't very bad," she said, in her gentle voice; and South felt himself a feather weight in the scale, whether for good or evil.

He was silent, but with so unsatisfied an expression that it was evident he only lacked words for the moment, and would seek to speak again later. Mrs. Austin anticipated him.

"Were you out of your teens when we said 'Good-by?' Well, not much more, at any rate. Our real lives have been since then. I think people ought to keep their consciences in two or three compartments, and shut the lid down on all such bygone shortcomings. I am glad we have met again, if only to shake hands and say simply that we have outgrown old follies."

Gilbert looked down. "I was to have been a hero," he said, bitterly. "Do you remember?"

"Oh, I lived in King Arthur's Cornwall in those days—in Camelot and Tintagel," she replied. "No doubt you were to have been Galahad, or Percival at the very least. I expected the most wonderful things of all my friends."

"I think you did." He hesitated for a moment. "Are you more merciful now?" he asked, in a tone which was between jest and earnest.

"Oh, yes," was the ready answer; "I'm greatly changed. I can assure you that now I expect very little."

They were walking slowly at a little distance from the tower, and as the last words were spoken they caught sight of Tiny Vivian. She appeared to be intently studying the old stones. The dreary little nook in which she stood, pulling an ivy spray from the crumbling masonry, framed a picture of youth, full of delicate grace and hope. South gazed for a moment, and then turned to Mrs. Austin with a faint laugh. "She is in her teens still," he said.

When Frank came back from Bridge End that evening he found a bunch of ivy-leaves on his dressing-table. They had evidently been carefully chosen for variety of shape and colour, and were very daintily arranged. He uttered an impatient exclamation when he caught sight of the significant little bouquet, and stood looking at it with a frown. He knew that his cousin had stolen in during his absence, and left it as a token that Gilbert South had had his turn that afternoon.

Illusions of Memory.

THE mystery of memory lies in the apparent immediateness of the mind's contact with the vanished past. In "looking back" on our life, we seem to ourselves for the moment to rise above the limitations of time, to undo its work of extinction, seizing again the realities which its on-rushing stream had borne far from us. Memory is a kind of resurrection of the buried past: as we fix our retrospective glance on it, it appears to start anew into life: forms arise within our minds which, we feel, faithfully represent the things that were. We do not ask for any proof of the fidelity of this dramatic representation of our past history by memory. It is seen to be a faithful imitation, just because it is felt to be a revival of the past. To seek to make the immediate testimony of memory more sure seems absurd, since all our ways of describing and illustrating this mental operation assume that in the very act of performing it we do recover a part of our seemingly "dead selves."

To challenge the veracity of a person's memory is one of the boldest things one can do in the way of attacking deep-seated conviction. Memory is the peculiar domain of the individual. In going back in recollection to the scenes of other years he is drawing on the secret storehouse of his own consciousness, with which a stranger must not intermeddle. Philosophers commonly distinguish memory as mediate knowledge of something absent, from perception as immediate knowledge of something present. Yet people are wont to feel just as certain of the one as of the other. Indeed, it may almost be said that a man more easily brooks a critical investigation of an act of perception than of an act of recollection. Perception has to do with our common objective world, and we allow others to have their say about the impressions it produces. Most people are willing, to some extent, to regulate and correct their individual perceptions of external objects by others' perceptions. And hardly anybody is so obstinate as to refuse to reinspect an object in deference to an assurance by others that what he thinks he has seen differs from the reality. But with respect to matters of recollection people are apt to be much more dogmatic. To cast doubt on a man's memory is commonly resented as a rude impertinence. It looks like an attempt of another to walk into the strictly private apartment of his own mind. Even if the challenger professedly bases his challenge on the testimony of his own memory, the challenged party is hardly likely to allow the right of comparing testimonies. He can in most cases boldly assert that those who differ from him are lacking in his power of recollection. The past, in becoming the past, has, for most

people, ceased to be a common object of reference; it has become a part of the individual's own inner self, and cannot be easily dislodged or shaken.

Let not the gentle reader imagine, then, from the title of this paper, that we are about to commit the sacrilege of questioning the veracity of memory in general. We are not bent on the suicidal Samsonian project of trying to shake the foundations of belief to the bottom, and to reduce the minds of our readers as well as our own from a state of comfortable security respecting the world to one of utter scepticism and confusion. Our more modest and, we would hope, perfectly legitimate aim is to point out that memory, like our other faculties, may blunder now and then. We would crave our readers' patience as we seek to prove that memory, notwithstanding the look of perfect sincerity it wears, is capable of deceiving us; that when in the act of recollection we seem to be reaching and touching the past, we may be merely grasping a shadow.

Those of our readers who are familiar with the phenomena of sense-illusion will feel but little hesitation in following us in this voyage of discovery into the comparatively unknown territory of memory-illusion. The fact that the stereoscope deceives us every time we look into it, by forcing us to see a solid object when we know there are only two flat photographs, does not lessen our belief in the general certainty of visual perception. Even the great savant Helmholtz, who probably knows more about optical illusion than any other living man, feels quite as confident of the reality of ordinary visible objects as the least scientific of men. Similarly, it is possible to find out that memory is a very blundering witness in many cases, and yet to feel sure that she can be perfectly well depended on to speak the truth about things with which she may be assumed to be thoroughly familiar.

Although people in general are, as observed, instinctively disposed to be very confident about matters of recollection, reflective persons are pretty sure to find out, sooner or later, that they occasionally fall into errors of memory. It is not the philosopher who first hints at the mendacity of memory, but the "plain man" who takes careful note of what really happens in the world of his personal experience. Thus we hear persons, quite innocent of speculative doubt, qualifying an assertion made on personal recollection by the proviso, "unless my memory has played me false." And even less reflective persons, including many who pride themselves on their excellent memory, will when sorely pressed make a grudging admission that they may after all be in error. Perhaps the weakest degree of such an admission, and one which allows to the conceding party a semblance of victory, is illustrated in the "last word" of one who has boldly maintained a proposition on the strength of individual recollection, but begins to recognise the instability of his position: "I either witnessed the occurrence or dreamt it." This is sufficient to prove that, with all people's boasting about the infallibility of memory,

there are many who have a shrewd suspicion that some of its asseverations will not bear a very close scrutiny. We may, therefore, in our present inquiry, presume on some amount of general acquaintance with the fact of illusory recollection.

In this study of the fallacies of memory we shall confine ourselves to illusions strictly so called, that is to say, to instances of error in which the mind has all the immediate assurance of distinctly recalling some past occurrence. Thus an illusion of memory exactly corresponds to an illusion of perception, when we seem to ourselves distinctly to see something, and yet afterwards find that we do not see it. Hence our line of inquiry will not embrace the large subject of misty recollection, and of forgetfulness, which last some people think to be a more wonderful thing than memory itself. Hazy recollection is not illusive recollection, any more than hazy vision is illusive vision, though mistiness in each instance easily becomes the starting-point of illusion. Just as objects seen in a fog easily take a false appearance to the imagination, so events seen through the haze of years easily get transformed into something very different from the reality. It may be added that we shall throughout seek to illustrate mnemonic illusion by visual illusion. It will be found, we believe, that there is a close analogy between the forms of illusion in vision and recollection, as well as between the modes of their production, though, as far as we are aware, this parallelism has never been traced out.

Since an illusion of memory is a sort of counterfeit recollection, we shall best understand the spurious imitation by understanding the genuine thing. Every complete act of memory appears to involve three things, and only three: the assurance (1) that something did really happen to me; (2) that it happened in the way I now think; and (3) that it happened when it appears to have happened. I cannot be said to recall a past event unless I feel sure on each of these points. Thus, to be able to say that an event happened at a particular date, and yet unable to describe how it happened, means that I have a very incomplete recollection. The same is true when I can recall an event pretty distinctly, but fail to assign it its proper date. This being so, it follows that there are three possible openings, and only three, by which errors of memory may creep in. And as a matter of fact each of these openings does let in one class of mnemonic illusion. Thus we have (1) false recollections, to which there correspond no real events of personal history; (2) others which misrepresent the manner of happening of the events; and (3) others which falsify the date of the event remembered.

We said there was a close correspondence between illusions of perception and of recollection. The force of this remark may be seen in the fact that each of these classes of illusion answers to a variety of visual error. Class (1) may be likened to the optical illusions known as phosphenes, or apparent circles of light, which arise when the eyeball is pressed by the finger. Here we can prove that there is nothing actually seen in the field of vision, and that the semblance of a visible object

arises from quite another source than that of ordinary light-stimulation, and by what may be called an accident. Similarly, in the case of the first class of mnemonic illusions, we shall find that there is nothing actually recollected, but that the mnemonic phosphene or phantom of recollected object can be accounted for in quite another way.

Again, class (2) has its visual analogue in those optical illusions which depend on the effects of haziness already alluded to, of atmospheric action, and of any reflecting and refracting media interposed between the eye and the object. Examples of atmospheric effect are the apparent changes of colour which objects undergo when seen at a distance. The effects of refraction and of reflection are illustrated by the broken appearance of a stick half immersed in water, and by the curious phenomena of mirage. In all these cases, though there is some real thing corresponding to the perception, this is seen in a highly defective, distorted, and misleading form. In like manner we can say that the images of memory often get obscured, distorted, and otherwise altered when they have receded into the dim distance, and are looked back upon through a long space of intervening mental experience.

Finally, class (3) has its visual counterpart in erroneous perceptions of distance, as when, for example, owing to the clearness of the mountain atmosphere and the absence of intervening objects, the side of the Jungfrau looks to the inexperienced tourist at Wengernalp hardly farther than a stone's throw. It will be found that when our memory falsifies the date of an event, the error arises much in the same way as a visual miscalculation of distance.

We will now try to illustrate these varieties of mnemonic illusion more fully, beginning with those which, by help of our analogy with optical illusions, may be called the phosphenes or spectra of memory.

All recollection takes place by means of a present mental image which returns with a certain degree of vividness, and is instantaneously identified with some past event. In many cases this instinctive process of identification proves to be legitimate, for, as a matter of fact, real impressions are the first and the commonest source of such lively mnemonic images. But it is not always so. There are other sources of our mental imagery which compete, so to speak, with the region of real personal experience. And sometimes these leave a vivid image, having all the appearance of a genuine recollection. When this is so it is impossible by a mere introspective glance to detect the falsity of the message from the past. We are in the same position as the purchaser in a jet market, where a spurious commodity has got inextricably mixed up with the genuine, and there is no ready criterion by which he may distinguish the true from the false. Such a person, if he purchases freely, is pretty sure to make a number of mistakes. Similarly, all of us are liable to take counterfeit mnemonic images for genuine ones; that is to say, to fall into an illusion of "recollecting" what never really took place.

But what, it may be asked, are these false and illegitimate sources of

mnemonic images, these unauthorised mints which issue a spurious mental coinage, and so confuse the genuine currency? They consist of two regions of our internal mental life which most closely resemble the actual perception of real things in vividness and force, namely, dream-consciousness and waking imagination. Each of these may introduce into the mind vivid images which tend, under certain circumstances, to assume the guise of recollections of actual events.

That our dream-experience may now and again lead us to fall into illusory recollection has already been hinted. And it is easy to see why this is so. When dreaming we have a mental experience which closely approximates in intensity and reality to that of waking perception. To the savage, dreams are as real as waking perceptions, and it is probable that young children take their dream-world for a real and substantial structure. Consequently, dreams may leave behind them, for a time, vivid images which simulate the appearance of real images of memory. Most of us, perhaps, have felt this after-effect of dreaming on our waking thoughts. How hard it is sometimes to shake off the impression left by a vivid dream that a dead friend has returned to life! During the day that follows the dream, we have at intermittent moments something like an assurance that we have seen the departed one; and though we immediately correct the impression by reflecting that we are recalling but a dream, it tends to revive within us with a strange pertinacity.

In addition to this proximate effect of a dream in disturbing the normal process of recollection, there is reason to suppose that dreams may exert a more remote effect on our memories. So widely different in its form is our dreaming from our waking experience that our dreams are rarely recalled as wholes with perfect distinctness. They revive in us only as disjointed fragments, and for brief moments when some accidental resemblance in the present happens to stir the latent trace they have left on our minds. We get sudden flashes out of our dream-world, and the process is too rapid, too incomplete for us to identify the region whence the flashes come. It is highly probable that our dreams are, to a large extent, answerable for the sense of familiarity that we sometimes experience in visiting a new locality, or in seeing a new face. If, as some of the best authorities say, we are, when asleep, always dreaming more or less distinctly, and if, as we know, dreaming is a continual process of transformation of our waking impressions in new combinations, it is not surprising that our dreams should sometimes take the form of forecasts of our waking life, and that objects and scenes of this life never before seen should now and again wear a familiar look. That some instances of this puzzling sense of familiarity can be explained in this way is proved. In a very interesting work on dreams, *Schlaf und Traum*, recently published by Paul Radestock, the writer says: "When I have been taking a walk, with my thoughts quite unfettered, the idea has often occurred to me that I had seen, heard, or thought of this or that thing once before, without being able to recall when, where, and in

what circumstances. This happened at the time when, with a view to the publication of the present work, I was in the habit of keeping an exact record of my dreams. Consequently I was able to turn to this after these impressions, and on doing so I generally found the conjecture confirmed that I had previously dreamt something like it." Scientific inquiry is often said to destroy all beautiful thoughts about nature and life; but while it destroys it creates. Is it not almost a romantic idea that just as our waking life images itself in our dreams, so our dream-life may send back some of its shadowy phantoms into our prosaic everyday world, touching this with something of its own weird beauty?

Not only may dreams beget these momentary illusions of memory, they may give rise to something like permanent illusions. If a dream serves to connect a certain idea with a place or person, and subsequent experience does not tend to correct this, we may keep the belief that we have actually witnessed the event. And we may naturally expect that this result will occur most frequently in the case of those who habitually dream vividly, as young children. It seems to us that many of the quaint fancies which children get into their heads about things they hear of arise in this way. The present writer, when a child, got the notion that when his baby-brother was weaned, he was taken up on a grassy hill and tossed about. He had a vivid idea of having seen this curious ceremony. He has in vain tried to get an explanation of this picturesque rendering of an incident of babyhood from his friends, and has come to the conclusion that it was the result of a dream. If, as seems probable, children's dreams thus give rise to subsequent illusions of memory, the fact would throw a curious light on some of the startling quasi-records of childish experience to be met with in autobiographical literature. Oddly enough, too, old age seems to resemble youth in this confusion of dream-recollection with waking memory. Dr. Carpenter* tells us of "a lady of advanced age who . . . continually dreams about passing events, and seems entirely unable to distinguish between her dreaming and her waking experiences, narrating the former with implicit belief in them, and giving directions based on them." This confusion in the case of the old probably arises not from an increase in the intensity of the dreams, but from a decrease in the intensity of the waking impressions. As Sir Henry Holland remarks,† in old age life approaches to the state of a dream.

The other source of what we have called the phosphenes or spectra of memory is waking imagination. In certain morbid conditions of mind, and in the case of the few healthy minds endowed with special imaginative force, the products of this mental activity closely resemble dreams in their vividness and apparent actuality. When this is the case, illusions of memory may arise at once just as in the case of dreams.‡

* *Mental Physiology*, p. 456.

† *Mental Physiology*, 2nd ed. p. 172.

‡ The close connection and continuity between normal and abnormal states of mind is illustrated in the fact that in insanity this illusion of taking past imaginations

This will happen more easily when the imagination has been for some time occupied with the same group of ideal scenes, persons, or events. To Dickens, as is well known, his fictitious characters were for the time realities, and after he had finished his story their forms and their doings lingered with him, assuming the aspect of personal recollections. So, too, the energetic activity of imagination which accompanies a deep and absorbing sympathy with another's painful experiences, may easily result in so vivid a realisation of all their details as to leave an after-sense of *personal* suffering. All highly sympathetic persons who have closely accompanied beloved friends through a great sorrow have known something of this subsequent feeling.

In the case of most people, however, waking imagination seldom, if ever, rises to this pitch of reality. Hence the illusions of memory which arise from this source commonly appear only after the lapse of some time, when in the natural course of things the mental images derived from actual experience would sink to a certain degree of faintness. Habitual novel-readers often catch themselves mistaking the echo of some passage in a good story for the trace left by an actual event. Persons' names, striking sayings, and events themselves, when first heard or witnessed, may seem familiar to us, and to recall some past like impression when they happen to resemble the creations of some favourite novelist. And so, too, any recital of another's experience, whether oral or literary, if it deeply interests us and awakens a specially vivid imagination of the events described, may easily become the starting-point of an illusory recollection. Children are in the habit of "drinking in" with their vigorous imaginations what is told them and read to them, and hence they are specially likely to fall into this kind of error. Not only so: when they grow up and their early recollections lose their definiteness, becoming a few fragments saved from a lost past, it must pretty certainly happen that if any ideas derived from these recitals are preserved, they will simulate the form of memories. The present writer often catches himself falling for a moment into the illusion of believing that he actually visited the Exhibition of 1851, the reason being that he recalls the descriptions given to him of it by his friends, and the excitement attending their journey to London on the occasion.

Here, then, we have another source of error that we must take into account in judging of the authenticity of an autobiographical narration of the events of childhood. The more imaginative the writer the greater the risk of illusion from this source as well as from that of dream-fancies. It is highly probable that in such full and explicit records as those given

for past realities becomes far more persistent. Abercrombie (*Intellectual Powers*, Part III. sect. iv. § 2, "Insanity") speaks of "visions of the imagination which have formerly been indulged in of that kind which we call waking dreams or castle-building recurring to the mind in this condition, and now believed to have a real existence." Thus one patient believed in the reality of the good luck previously predicted by a fortune-teller.

by Rousseau, by Goethe, or by De Quincey, some part of the narrative is based on mental images which come floating down the stream of time, not from any actual occurrence of the writer's personal experience, but from the airy region of dreamland or of waking fancy.

Even when the quasi-recollection does answer to a real event of childish history, it may still be an illusion. The fact that others, in narrating events to us, are able to awaken imaginations that afterwards appear as past realities, suggests that much of our supposed early recollection owes its existence to what our parents and friends have from time to time told us respecting the first stages of our history. We see, then, how much uncertainty attaches to all autobiographical description of very early life.

Modern science suggests another possible source of these phosphenes of memory. May it not happen that by the law of hereditary transmission, which is now being applied to mental as well as bodily phenomena, ancestral experiences will now and then reflect themselves in our mental life, and so give rise to apparent personal recollections? No one can say that this is not so. When the infant first steadies his eyes on the objects of its environment, it may, for aught we know, experience a feeling akin to that described above, when through a survival of dream-fancy we take some new scene to be already familiar. At the age when new emotions rapidly develop themselves, when our hearts are full of wild romantic aspirations, do there not seem to blend with the eager passion of the time deep resonances of a vast and mysterious past, and may not this feeling be a sort of reminiscence of prenatal, that is, ancestral experience? The idea is a fascinating one, worthy to be a new scientific support for Plato's and Wordsworth's beautiful thought. But in our present stage of knowledge, any reasoning on this supposition would probably appear too fanciful. Some day we may find out how much ancestral experience is capable of bequeathing in this way, whether simply shadowy, undefinable mental tendencies, or something like definite concrete ideas. If, for example, it were found that a child descended from a line of seafaring ancestors, which had never seen or heard of the "dark-gleaming sea," manifested a feeling of recognition when first taken to behold it, we might be pretty sure that such a thing as prenatal recollection does take place. But till we have such facts, it seems better to refer the "shadowy recollections" to sources which fall within the individual's own experience.

It is commonly said by philosophers that our sense of personal identity rests on memory. But if the latter is as erring as we have seen, the former can hardly be as absolutely certain and incorruptible as some thinkers would make out. In point of fact, this sense of identity is liable to take strange forms, and to play us odd pranks. In dreams we often distinctly lose all hold on ourselves, and take up the curious position of spectators at a transformation scene, in which our own respectable Ego is playing a sort of game of "bo-peep" with us. And

what happens in dreams may happen in waking life. Every act of intense sympathy is for the time a confusion of our sense of identity. Waking imagination, too, leads to a fictitious expansion of ourselves. Thus the novelist tells us that while he is writing his stories he is wont for the nonce to project himself into the figures, identifying himself with them. And our study of the phosphenes of memory has told us that all of us are liable to extend this idea of self beyond the limits of our actual personal experience. To mistake dream fancy for waking fact is not perhaps to lose the sense of identity, since our dreams are, after all, a part of our personal experience; but to imagine that we have actually seen what we have simply heard from another's lips, is clearly to confuse the boundaries of our identity. Thus, through the corruption of our memories, a sort of sham self gets mixed up with our real self, so that we cannot, strictly speaking, be sure that when we project ourselves into a remote past we are not really running away from our true personality.

It is now time to pass to the second group of illusions of memory, which, according to the analogy of visual illusions, may be called atmospheric illusions. Here the degree of error is less than that in the case of phosphene illusions. There is something real, answering to the apparent recollection, and this reality falls within the individual's waking experience. But the reality is not truthfully represented by the present mnemonic image or group of images. We do not recall the event as it happened, but see it in part only, and obscured, or bent and distorted as by a process of refraction. Indeed this transformation of the past does closely correspond with the transformation of a visible object effected by intervening media. Our minds are such refracting media, and the past reappears to us not as it actually was when it was close to us, but in numerous ways, altered and disguised by the intervening spaces of our mental life.

For one thing our memories restore us only fragments of our past life. Just as objects seen imperfectly at a great distance may assume a shape quite unlike their real one, so an inadequate representation of a past event by memory often amounts to misrepresentation. When revisiting a place that we have not seen for many years, we are apt to find that our recollection of it consisted only of some insignificant details, which arranged themselves in our minds into something oddly unlike the actual scene. So, too, some accidental accompaniment of an incident in early life is preserved, as though it were the main feature, serving to give quite an untrue colouring to the whole occurrence. It seems quite impossible to account for these particular survivals, they appear to be so capricious. When a little time has elapsed after an event, and the attendant circumstances fade away from memory, it is often difficult to say why we were impressed with it as we afterwards prove to have been. It is no doubt possible to see that many of the recollections of our childhood owe their vividness to the fact of the exceptional character of the event; but this cannot always be recognised. Some of them seem to our

mature minds very oddly selected, although no doubt there are in every case good reasons, if we could only discover them, why those particular incidents rather than any others should have been retained.

The liability to error resulting from mere obliviscence and the arbitrary selection of mental images is seen most plainly perhaps in our subsequent representation and estimate of whole periods of early life. Our idea of any stage of our past history, as early childhood, or schooldays, is built up out of a few fragmentary relic-images, which cannot be certainly known to answer to the most important and essential experiences of the times. When, for example, we try to decide whether our schooldays were our happiest days, as is so often alleged, it is obvious that we are liable to fall into illusion through the inadequacy of memory to preserve characteristic or typical features and none but these. We cannot easily recall the ordinary every-day level of feeling of a distant period of life, but rather think of exceptional moments of rejoicing or depression. The present writer's idea of the emotional experience of his schooldays is built up out of a few scrap recollections of extraordinary and exciting events, such as unexpected holidays, success in the winning of prizes, famous "rows" with the masters, and so on. Besides the impossibility of getting at the average and prevailing mental tone of a distant section of life, there is a special difficulty in determining the degree of happiness of the past, arising from the fact that our memory for pleasures and for pains may not be equally good. Most people, perhaps, can recall the enjoyments of the past much more vividly than the sufferings. On the other hand, there seem to be a few who find the retention of the latter the easier of the two. This fact should not be forgotten in reading the narrative of early hardships which some recent autobiographies have given us.

Not only does our idea of the past become inexact by the mere decay and disappearance of essential features, it becomes positively incorrect through the gradual incorporation of elements that do not properly belong to it. Sometimes it is easy to see how these extraneous ideas get imported into our conception of a past event. Suppose that a man has lost a valuable scarf-pin. His wife suggests that a particular servant, whose reputation does not stand too high, has stolen it. When he afterwards recalls the loss, the chances are that he will confuse the fact with the conjecture attached to it, and say he remembers that this particular servant did steal the pin. Thus the products of past imagination not only give rise, as we have seen, to baseless illusions of memory, but serve to corrupt and partially falsify recollections that have a genuine basis of fact. This class of mnemonic illusions approaches illusions of perception. When the imagination supplies the interpretation at the very time and the mind reads this into the perceived object, the error is one of perception. When the addition is made afterwards, on reflecting upon the perception, the error is one of memory. The fallacies of testimony which depend on an adulteration of pure observation with

inference and conjecture, as, for example, the inaccurate and wild statements of people respecting their experiences of mesmerism and spiritualism, are probably much oftener illusions of memory than of perception.*

In many cases, however, it is difficult to see any close relation between the fact remembered and the foreign element imported into it. An idea of memory seems sometimes to lose its proper moorings, so to speak; to drift about helplessly among other ideas, and finally, by some chance, to hook itself on to one of these, as though it naturally belonged to it. Anybody who has had an opportunity of carefully testing the truthfulness of his recollection of some remote event in early life will have found how oddly extraneous elements get imported into the memorial picture. Incidents get put into wrong places, the wrong persons are introduced into a scene, and so on. Here again we may illustrate the mnemonic illusion by a visual one. When a tree standing between the spectator and a house is not sharply distinguished from the latter it may serve to give it a very odd appearance.

These confusions of the mental image may even arise after a short interval has elapsed. In the case of many of the fleeting impressions that only get half recollected, this kind of error is very easy. Thus, for example, I lent a book to a friend last week. I really remember the act of lending it, but have forgotten the person. But I am not aware of this. The picture of memory has unknowingly to myself been filled up by this unconscious process of shifting and re-arrangement, and the idea of another person has by some odd accident got substituted for that of the real borrower. If we could go deeply enough into the matter, we should of course be able to explain why this particular confusion arose. We might find, for example, that the two persons were associated in our minds by a link of resemblance, or that we had dealings with the other person about the same time. Similarly, when an event gets put into a wrong locality, we may find that it is because we heard of the occurrence when staying at the particular place, or in some other way had the image of the place closely associated in our minds with the event. But often we are wholly unable to explain the displacement.

So far we have been speaking of the passive processes by which the past comes to wear a new face to our imaginations. In these our present habits of feeling and thinking take no part; all is the work of the past, of the decay of memory, and the gradual confusion of images. This process of disorganisation may be likened to the action of air and damp on some old manuscript. Beside this passive process of transformation, there is a more active one in which our present minds co-operate. This may be illustrated by the operation of trying to "interpret" an old manuscript which has got partially obliterated, or of "restoring" a faded picture; in each of which operations error will be pretty sure to creep in through an importation of the restorer's own ideas into the relic of the past.

* See Dr. Carpenter's *Mental Physiology*, fourth edition, p. 456.

Just as when distant objects are seen mistily our imaginations come into play, leading us to fancy that we see something completely and distinctly, so when the images of memory become dim, our present imagination helps to restore them, putting a new patch into the old garment. If only there is some relic of the past preserved, a bare suggestion of the way in which it may have happened will often suffice to produce the conviction that it actually did happen in this way. Now the suggestion that naturally arises in our minds will bear the stamp of our present modes of experience and habits of thought. Hence, in trying to reconstruct the remote past, we are constantly in danger of importing our present selves into our past selves.

This kind of illusion of memory depending on present imagination is strikingly illustrated by the curious cases of mistaken identity which the proceedings of our law-courts supply us from time to time. When a witness in good faith, but erroneously, affirms that a man is the same as an old acquaintance of his, we may feel sure that there is some striking point or points of similarity between the two persons. But this of itself would only partly account for the illusion, since we often see new faces that, by a number of curious points of affinity, call up in a tantalising way old and familiar countenances. What helps in this case to produce the illusion is the preconception that the present man is the witness's old friend. That is to say, his recollection is partly true, though largely false. He does really recall the similar feature, movement, or tone of voice; he only seems to himself to recall the rest of his friend's appearance; for, to speak correctly, he projects the present impression into the past, and constructs his old friend's face out of elements supplied by the new face.

We said just now that we tend to project our present modes of experience into the past. We paint our past in the hues of the present. Thus we imagine that things which impressed us in some remote period of life must answer to what is impressive in our present stage of mental development. For example, a person recalls a hill near the home of his childhood, and has the conviction that it was of great height. On revisiting the place he finds that the eminence is quite insignificant. How can we account for this? For one thing, it is to be observed that to his undeveloped childish muscles the climbing to the top meant a considerable expenditure of energy, to be followed by a sense of fatigue. The man remembers these feelings, and unconsciously reasoning by present experience, that is to say, by the amount of walking which would now produce this sense of fatigue, imagines that the height was vastly greater than it really was.

From this cause arises the tendency generally to exaggerate the impressions of early life. Youth is the period of novel effects, when all the world is fresh, and new and striking impressions crowd in thickly on the mind. Consequently it takes much less to produce a given amount of mental excitation in childhood than in after life. In looking

back on this part of our history, we recall for the most part just those events and scenes which mostly stirred our minds by their strangeness, novelty, &c., and so impressed themselves on the tablet of our memory; and it is this sense of something out of the ordinary beat that gives the characteristic colour to our recollection. This being so, we unconsciously transform the past occurrence by reasoning from our present standard of what is impressive. Who has not felt an unpleasant disenchantment in revisiting some garden or park that seemed a wondrous paradise to his young eyes? All our feelings are capable of leading us into this kind of illusion. What seemed beautiful or awful to us as children is now pictured in imagination as corresponding to what moves our mature minds to delight or awe. People who a little outshone our own circle of friends, perhaps, in style of dress and living, seemed to us as children little short of princes and princesses. Could we actually see them with our present eyes, we should, alas, no longer find the glory in which our young fancies had encircled their heads.

While the past may thus take an illusory hue from the very changes which our emotional life undergoes, it becomes still further transformed by the idealising touch of a present feeling. This is so familiar a fact as hardly to need illustration. Our emotions of love, of reverence, of æsthetic admiration are artists that employ the past as a kind of canvas for the exercise of their imaginative skill. We instinctively tend to idealise the objects of a past love. The old rule *de mortuis nihil nisi bonum* has its foundations deep laid in our emotional nature. It is much the same with the emotions of beauty and sublimity that attach to objects of inanimate nature as well as to human beings. Even a painful emotion, as resentment and hatred, may to some extent effect this result of transformation. By dwelling habitually on the wrongs done us by an old friend, and forgetting all the good things we know of him, we may come to transform this person into a monster very unlike the reality.

Enough has now been said, perhaps, to show in how many ways our retrospective imagination transforms the actual events of our past life. So thoroughly indeed do the relics of this past get shaken together in new kaleidoscopic combinations, so much of the result of later experiences gets imported into our early years, that it may well be asked whether if the records of our actual life were ever read out to us we should be able to recognise it. It looks as though we could be only sure of recalling recent events with any degree of accuracy and completeness. As soon as they recede at any considerable distance from us, they are subject to a sort of atmospheric effect. Much grows indistinct and drops altogether out of sight, and what is still seen often takes new and grotesquely unlike shapes. More than this, the play of fancy, like the action of some refracting medium, bends and distorts the outlines of memory's objects, making them wholly unlike the originals.

And now we may pass to the third class of illusions of memory, those which may be called errors of perspective. This is the least degree

of mnemonic illusion. The recollection may reproduce a real occurrence, and reproduce it in its essential features, but may assign it a wrong place in the sequent order of the past, just as the eye may see an object as it is, but err as to its distance.

In order to understand these errors of mnemonic perspective, we must see what customarily determines our judgment of the remoteness of past events. A certain analogy will be found to hold here between the mnemonic and the visual judgment of distance. Among the many circumstances that help the eye to measure the distance of an object must be reckoned the degree of clearness or faintness of the impression made by the object. Other things being the same, the clearer the impression, the nearer seems the object. Again, our visual estimate of the distance of an object is influenced by the presence or absence of other objects before and behind it with whose distance it may be compared. Thus a ship at sea looks too near, because there are no intervening objects to "throw it back," while the moon when near the horizon looks further away (and consequently larger) than when over our heads, because of the numerous objects coming between the spectator and that luminary in the former case. Conversely, an object appears to be nearer the spectator when seen to be in front of another object than when there is no more remote object behind it. To each of these circumstances affecting the visual judgment of distance there corresponds an influence in the estimation of the remoteness of events. That is to say, our estimate of distance in past time is governed by two chief considerations, the vividness or faintness of the reviving image, and the recognised relation of the particular event to other events in front of and behind it. And this being so, we are liable to illusions of memory either when the degree of vividness deviates from the customary or normal degree for that particular distance, or when the mnemonic object wants its proper relations of before and after to other events. Our illusions of perspective commonly arise from a combination of both of these influences. Still they can, to some extent, be treated apart. Let us then first look at the influence of the circumstance of unusual vividness or faintness of the memorial image.

Speaking roughly and generally, we may say that the vividness of an image of memory decreases in proportion to the distance of the event. But this is not an infallible criterion of distance. The very fact that different people so often dispute about the dates and the relative order of past events experienced in common, shows pretty plainly that images of the same age tend to arise in the mind with very unequal degrees of vividness. Sometimes images of very remote incidents may start up in our minds with a singular degree of brightness and force. And when this is the case there is a disposition to think of them as near. If the relations of the event to other events preceding and succeeding it are not remembered, this momentary illusion will persist. We have all heard persons exclaim—"It seems only yesterday," under the sense of nearness which accompanies a recollection of a remote event when vividly excited.

In passing from place to place, in talking with others, and in reading, we are liable to the sudden return by hidden paths of association of incidents that had long seemed forgotten, and when they thus start up fresh and sound, away from their proper surroundings, they invariably induce a feeling of their propinquity. No one can say why these particular images, long buried in oblivion, should thus resuscitate in possession of so much vitality. There seems indeed to be almost as much of the arbitrary and capricious in the selection by memory of its vivid images as in the selection of its images as a whole; and, this being so, it is plain that we are greatly exposed to the risk of illusion from this source.

It may be added that this appearance of nearness is greatly intensified by a conscious concentration of mind on the remote past. When, for example, old friends come together and talk over the days of yore, there is a gradual reinstatement of the lost experience. Incident after incident returns, adding something to the whole picture till it acquires a degree of completeness, coherence, and vividness that render it hardly distinguishable from a very recent experience. The process is like looking at a distant object through a field-glass. Mistiness disappears, fresh details come into view, till we seem to ourselves to be almost within reach of the object.

There is an opposite effect in the case of recent occurrences that, for some reason or another, have left but a faint impression on the memory; though this fact is not, perhaps, so familiar as the other. I met a friend, we will suppose, a few days since at my club, and we exchanged a few words. My mind was somewhat preoccupied at the time, and the occurrence did not stamp itself on my recollection. To-day I meet him again, and he reminds me of a promise I made him at the time. His reminder suffices to restore a dim image of the incident, but the fact of its dimness leads to the illusion that it really happened much longer ago, and it is only on my friend's strong assurances, and on reflecting from other data that it must have occurred the day he mentions, that I am able to dismiss the illusion.

As we have hinted, in ordinary circumstances the tendency to illusion arising from too great or too little vividness in the memorial image is corrected by a recognition of the relation of the event to other events whose distance is supposed to be known. In point of fact, our conception of the past is made up of images of certain fixed prominent objects or landmarks, so to speak, in the memorial vista. And the full and distinct recollection of an event means the reference of it to some one of these leading surviving images, these marking posts which have not been wholly submerged by the waters of Lethe; the localisation of it in some one of the great divisions of the past; and the recognition of its relations of antecedence and sequence to other well-known events. This operation is greatly aided by a comparison of our experiences with those of others, and by the employment of a simple common scheme of time-divisions, as years,

seasons, months, &c. Indeed a past experience only takes up its right place, and appears at a correct distance from the present, when the mind, either alone, or still better in conjunction with other minds, has gone back on it again and again, noting its relations, and quietly putting it away, so to speak, into its proper niche in the ever-growing edifice of our fulfilled life.

This being so, what will happen when this process of localising impressions in the past has not taken place, and when ideas of events return without any discoverable relations to other events? Clearly there will be a certainty of error. Not only will any unusual degree of vividness now take effect in producing an illusion of nearness, but the very fact of the absence of proper points of measurement with which the remembered event might be seen to be connected, will beget an erroneous idea of its distance. This brings us to the second circumstance in the estimation of the degree of remoteness of past events.

The most striking examples of this illusory effect of detachment from fixed determining landmarks in the past are afforded by public events which lie outside the narrower circle of our personal life, and do not fit in the natural course of things become linked to any definitely localised points in the field of memory. These events are very stirring and engrossing for the time, but in many cases they pass out of the mind just as suddenly as they entered it. We have no occasion to revert to them, and if by chance we are afterwards reminded of them, they are pretty certain to look too near. One reason of this is that the fact of their having greatly interested us has served to render their images particularly vivid. Another reason is that they reappear to us out of their true place, not distinctly projected behind a long series of intervening occurrences, and not seen as simultaneous or closely connected in the order of succession with other events known to be at a particular distance. A curious instance of this illusory effect was supplied not long since by the case of the ex-detectives, the expiration of whose term of punishment (three years) served as an occasion for the newspapers to recall the event of their trial and conviction. The news that three years had elapsed since this well-remembered occurrence proved very startling to ourselves, and to a number of our friends, all of us agreeing that the event did not seem to be at more than a third of its real distance. The newspapers themselves commented on the apparent rapidity of the time, and this shows pretty plainly that there was some cause at work producing a common illusion.

It is to be added that even when past events are properly attached to those that precede and succeed them, fluctuations may arise in the estimation of their distance in consequence of variations in the character of the intervening spaces. In other words, our sense of distance in time is influenced by our sense of duration. According to Mr. G. J. Romanes, who has written a very interesting essay on our "Consciousness of Time" (*Mind*, July 1878), the sense of duration depends on two conditions. Time seems long, either when it is crowded with new and exciting

impressions, as on a summer tour, or when we are dwelling on the fact of its passing, and so are particularly conscious of it, as in waiting for a train. It seems short when it is comparatively empty of exciting experiences, provided that the mind does not dwell on its passage. Thus it appears comparatively short when we are busily employed about our ordinary avocations. Hence it happens that events just preceding a time of unusual excitement and novel experience look further off than events separated by the same interval of comparatively quiet impressions. Last Sunday's sermon seems much further away after a week in Switzerland than after a week of customary experience at home. Not only does an event appear to take up different distances because separated from the present by seemingly unequal intervals; the very fact that the one interval has been filled with exciting impressions, the other with comparatively quiet ones, serves to give the mental image of the event a different degree of vividness and distinctness in the two cases. Our mental development is not only a process of retention of the old, it is a process of displacement of the old by the new. The more interesting or the more exciting the new, the more rapidly does the old tend to disappear. Hence the apparent extrusion of a recollection by supervening experiences of unusual impressiveness. Even dream-consciousness seems capable of effecting this result, for the incidents of the preceding evening often appear to be dimmed and thrust further away after a night of exciting dreams. To young children events a year old look much further off than to adults, just because the interval, full of novel impressions from its young world, appears to swell out, and because the very impressiveness and fascination of these experiences tend to obscure the earlier ones and to banish them further from the present.

Enough has perhaps been said to show how much of uncertainty and of self-deception enters into the processes of memory. This much-esteemed faculty, valuable and indispensable though it certainly is, can lay no claim to that absolute infallibility which is sometimes said to belong to it. Our individual recollection left to itself is liable to a number of illusions even with regard to fairly recent events, and in the case of remote ones it may be said to err habitually and uniformly in a greater or less degree. To speak plainly, we can never be certain on the ground of our personal recollection alone that a distant event happened exactly in the way and at the time that we suppose. Nor does there seem to be any simple way by mere reflection on the contents of our memory of distinguishing what kinds of recollection are likely to be illusory.

How then, it may be asked, can we ever be certain that we are faithfully recalling the actual events of the past? Given a fairly good, that is, a cultivated memory, it may be said that in the case of very recent events we may feel pretty certain that, when the conditions of careful attention at the time were present, a distinct recollection is substantially correct. Also it is obvious that with respect to all repeated experiences our memories afford practically safe guides. When memory becomes the basis of general

knowledge, as of the truth that the pain of indigestion has followed a too copious indulgence in rich food, there is little room for an error of memory properly so called. On the other hand, when an event is not repeated in our experience, but forms a unique link in our personal history, the chances of error increase with the distance of the event, and here the best of us will do well to have resort to a process of verification and, if necessary, of correction. That is to say, we must look beyond our own internal mental states to some external facts. Thus the recollections of our early life may often be tested by letters written by ourselves or our friends at the time, by diaries, and so on. When there is no unerring objective record to be found, we may have recourse to the less satisfactory method of comparing our recollections with those of others. By so doing we may reach a rough average recollection which shall at least be free from any personal error. But even thus we cannot be sure of eliminating all error, since there may be a cause of illusion acting on all our minds alike, as, for example, the extraordinary nature of the occurrence, which would pretty certainly lead to a common exaggeration of its magnitude, &c., and since, moreover, this process of comparing recollections affords a fine opportunity for that reading back a present preconception into the past to which reference has already been made.

The result of our inquiry is less alarming than it looks at first sight. Knowledge is valuable for action, and error is chiefly hurtful in so far as it misdirects conduct. Now, in a general way, we do not need to act upon a recollection of remote single events; our conduct is sufficiently shaped by an accurate recollection of recent single events, together with those bundles of recollections of recurring events and sequences of events which constitute our knowledge of ourselves and our common knowledge of the world about us. Nature has done commendably well in endowing us with the means of cultivating our memories up to this point, and we ought not to blame her for not giving us powers which would only very rarely prove of any appreciable practical service to us.

J. S.

Molière's Acting Manager.

THE Théâtre-Français, like some translations of the age of our Second Charles, was the work of several hands. Of these the readiest and strongest was Molière, and of Molière the Français, though it might, and probably would, have existed without him, is, and will always remain, a kind of practical apotheosis. There was a moment, however, when the tradition established by the great comic poet, as an actor and the creator of a histrionic style, was in danger of extinction, and when it seemed as if his estate would crumble away and be scattered. Had matters been so ordered, the Français could never have been the historical and representative institution it is. That they were not so ordered is owing in great measure to the tact and energy of one of Molière's comrades, the player La Grange. He is regarded, and with good reason, as a founder of the House of Molière, and as one of those to whom the French stage is most beholden for its prosperity.

I.

Molière was but a stripling when he determined his vocation, and with it the prosperity of the French stage, by attaching himself to the Illustrious Theatre. It was in 1644, and the drama of France was in the prime and heyday of a lusty youth. Richelieu, dead two years before, had loved it well, and in his magnificent dictatorial way had fostered it. Its advance had been not less rapid than victorious. To the epoch's wits and poets the play was almost all literature. It was the readiest means of winning distinction, and even of making money. The air was full of it, and the rumour of its triumphs was everywhere. History counts the dramatists of the first part of the century by hundreds; and by this time most of these had said their say and passed into oblivion. Hardy, "eldest born of Chaos and old Night," the Saturn of the new order, as Corneille was its Jupiter, was but three years off his end, and must already have perpetrated the greater number of his seven hundred pieces. Du Ryer, always famous and always poor, was on the eve of his most notable work. Rotrou, a man with the makings of great things in him, had lived the larger part of his wild, adventurous, reckless artist-life, had produced much that was afterwards to be of use to his friend the author of *Amphytrion* and *Scapin*, and was soon to give his two best plays and die. The genius of Corneille was at its apogee. He had made *Le Cid*, and *Polyeucte*, and *Le Menteur*; he had laid therein the bases of a new art. Petty play-

wrights and poor pieces abounded. There were plenty of stages, too, and plenty of players. Louis XIII. had removed the ban from the actor's calling; it was a profession not unbecoming a gentleman, and lucrative in no mean degree. A dozen companies of strollers had possession of the provinces, and went their rounds there regularly. In Paris itself, the comedians of the Hôtel de Bourgogne had constituted themselves a private corporation, under royal patronage, and in receipt of a royal bounty; the Marais theatre, the birthplace of classic comedy and classic tragedy, had lost its Mondory, but was prosperous and honourable; and there were other stages yet. Things were ripening to a change, and ripening under the most generous influences. That best which was to be had everything in its favour. Never, it may be said, were master-pieces better prepared for than the *Misanthrope* and *Phèdre*; never had great artists a healthier environment, a stronger impulse from without, than Molière and Racine. The actual condition of the French stage and its literature attests the use they made of their advantages. The estate that they inherited was incomparably improved by them, and when they died they bequeathed it to a line of heirs who respected their authority, were inspired by their example, and essayed to work up to the level of their achievement. Regnard succeeded Molière, Voltaire succeeded Racine; and we saw what they could do, and how they fulfilled their trust, in London here a few short months ago. Voltaire and Regnard had their successors, and through generation after generation the tradition they received has been handed down to the men of our own time. In France the theatre is a national institution. Augier and Hugo, Sardou and Labiche, are the heirs and representatives of Corneille and Molière, and the authors of a literature which, with all its faults and extravagances, is sincerely and earnestly wrought, and admirably dramatic as well, and therefore not unworthy of its origins and the great men who are more or less directly responsible for it.

In Spain and England, it is to be observed, the Drama had its age of gold about this time as it had in France. But in both these countries nothing came of its early opulence, and in neither has the stage fulfilled the splendid promise of its prime. The glories of the Spanish theatre were utterly transient. Calderon and Lope, Tirso and Rojas, Alarcon and Moreto, were all six contemporaries; they constitute in themselves the dramatic literature of Spain. Since their day the Spanish stage has not been illustrated by a single work of individual genius; either the inspiration of those who write for it has been imitated from one or other of these fathers of dramatic poetry, or it has been adapted from that of the French. Nothing more drearily factitious than the later volumes of the Spanish drama can well be imagined. It may be compared to an exhibition of wax-works, it is so palpably unreal, so absolutely imitative, so egregiously lifeless and conventional. And, it must be owned, we English are not much better off than the Spaniards. We have had our

Shakspeare, it is true, and we have had the bands of poets his contemporaries; we have had the writers of the Restoration, and of William's time and Anne's; we have had the Colmans, Cumberland, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Jerrold, and Knowles. On paper the statement of our dramatic wealth is exceedingly imposing. But the imposingness vanishes the moment it is put to a practical test. Our riches are but fairy money after all; they look well enough in the drawer, but we have only to offer them for current coin to see them turn into withered leaves. Shakspeare is, of course, a literature in himself; but he is hardly a stage-literature. Not long since, Mr. Matthew Arnold was moved to opine that the author of *Othello* was really not altogether so good a stage-poet as the author of the *Misanthrope*; and on this utterance of an eminent English critic a most eloquent commentary is furnished by the practice of eminent English managers. Only a few of Shakspeare's plays are public favourites, and not one of them is ever revived in its integrity. It is, I believe, an article of faith with the English-speaking world that Shakspeare's universality comprehended stage carpentry; but this appears to be a dogma that, as is often the case with dogmas, is respectable but in theory. The modern manager puts only as much of his Shakspeare on the stage as suits him. He arranges his poet as freely as he would a mere pantomime; he disguises him in appropriate broideries and armours, parcels him among set scenes copied from the best authorities, engages a popular actor for the chief part in him, and casts the rest of him how he can; and the results of his enterprise—which is partly archæological, partly pictorial, partly fashionable, and which is seldom or never poetical or dramatic—are only profitable now and then. Shakspeare's contemporaries, it need scarcely be noted, are in far poorer case than Shakspeare himself. Fletcher and Webster, Massinger and Jonson, Ford and Marlowe, are all great writers; but it is only to the student and the commentator that they are great playwrights. Their reputation is purely literary; their fashion is a forgotten one; and if they are played at all, it can only be on such terms and after such corrections as render them something other than themselves. It is the same with Congreve and Otway, with Vanbrugh and Centlivre and Hoadly; the same, in a greater or less degree, with the others. Either they are not worth reviving, or, to be revived at all, they have to be washed, trimmed, deodorised into dulness and nothingness, and as they are presented are but the shadows of their old wilful, brilliant, petulant selves. Practically, therefore, the English classical drama is compact of arrangements from Shakspeare; of Sheridan's *Critic*, his *Rivals*, and his *School for Scandal*; of Goldsmith's delightful farce; of *Money* and *The Lady of Lyons*; of a stray drama of Tobin's, and one or two of the works of Sheridan Knowles; and of certain "comedies" by the younger Colman, whose main use is to show the admirable poverty of the repertory in which they are able to figure with advantage. For the contemporary English drama, it will be enough to say of it that it is largely

composed of translations, and that the works of the late T. W. Robertson are in a fair way of becoming as classical as *The Iron Chest* and *The Heir-at-Law* themselves. And it is the thought of many that things could hardly be better than they are. Others are crying out for the establishment of a state playhouse; though it is too late in time for the advent of a despot and the revival of monopolies, and too soon after the Puritan revolution to ask the Government for a theatrical grant. Altogether the English theatre is, for the moment at least, in a bad way. But for Shakspeare, Sheridan, and the dramatists of modern Paris, that way would be worse than it is; and as it is to Molière's initiative and example that the zeal and earnestness of Sardou and Augier and Labiche are traceable, we owe it in some sort to him that our stage is just now so fruitful of amusing spectacles as we know it.

It is possible that without their Molière the French would have been as unhappily situated and as poorly off as ourselves. But Molière came; and the Comédie-Française is his monument, the drama of France is in great part a literature of his making. The Illustrious Theatre was a poor enough little concern; but it was none the less a most important element in the constitution of a national stage. It was a venture to which Molière seems to have belonged from the first, and owed its being to the enterprise of certain *enfants de famille*—hidalgos, sons of somebody, that is. Among them were the three Bézards: Madeleine, Geneviève, and Louis, known to posterity for the connections and the life-long intimates of Molière, and occupying an honourable position among the fathers of the French stage. Madeleine Bézard was a remarkable person in her way. She was a woman of pleasure, a woman of business, a good actress. She was a friend of poets and players; had been a stroller in the southern provinces; had had amours and adventures; could write verses, vamp up plays, keep accounts, make and save money; and was, in fact, as well qualified to manage a theatre as need be. It is said to have been for her love that young Poquelin abandoned his father's house, and transformed himself from a respectable upholsterer into a vagabond and an artist. Be this as it may, it is certain that Madeleine and he were always friends and comrades; and it is certain that, whatever her share in its conduct, the Illustrious Theatre fared miserably, and so long as it remained in Paris was a complete failure. It had the patronage of Gaston of Orleans, and now and then would be admitted to amuse him in the Luxembourg. But it was always wandering between tennis-court and tennis-court, and its normal state was one of hopeless impecuniosity. Molière presently became its chief; and it is to be assumed that Madeleine and he were too intelligent and too much in earnest not to have done their best. But beyond the opportunity he may have had of studying Don Juan and M. Dimanche from the life, and the doubtful honour of arrest for the company's debts, he does not seem to have been in any way advantaged by his Parisian management. It was a change for the

better when the heroic unfortunates transferred themselves to the provinces. It is not known what were their circumstances at starting, but the chances are that, for strolling players, they were not ill-provided. Madeleine Béjard had rich friends and an acquisitive habit. It is certain that the elder Poquelin did not let his son go forth into the world unaided. As so many *enfants de famille*, the members of the company would surely have been able to get some money for the common chest. Was not the wardrobe stocked, too, with the cast suits of the Duc de Guise? Then there were carts to buy and beasts of draught to hire; lackeys and carters were necessary; trunks and bedding were indispensable, and something must certainly have been spent in scenery and in saucepans. I cannot believe that the Illustrious Theatre removed into the provinces as poorly stocked and plenished as an ordinary gang of strollers. Money breeds money; and Molière's genius and Madeleine Béjard's hard head notwithstanding, the company could scarce have become so opulent as it did, had it not been decently equipped at the beginning.

In the cities of the west and south the Illustrious Theatre soon made itself a reputation. It played tragedy, of course; for tragedy in the France of those years was the noblest of the theatrical art. It played such comedy as it might; and the comedy of the period was abundant if it was not particularly choice. It had not achieved its final form, but was mixed in quality and varied in intention. Sometimes a dash of romantic bravado, a flavour of heroics and adventures, gave proof of its Castilian origin; and then it was compact of escapades and disguises, of magnanimous tirades and tremendous situations, of "breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades," of Beauty in distress and Valour to the rescue. Or, again, it was a masque of antiques newly apparelled; and, speaking a French that owned to the near neighbourhood of François Rabelais, the Soldier, the Parasite, the Slave, the Reverend Sire, the Dissipated Heir, went bragging, and fawning, and moralising, and intriguing, as gaily and frankly about the tennis-court stage as when they had uttered rare Terentian Latin and the rich and copious Roman of Plautus. Or, again, it recalled the Italy of Machiavelli and Ariosto; it was rank, impudent, witty; it anticipated the manner of play that has its modern home at the Palais Royal. As for farce—ridiculous and noisy and obscene—as it was sketched out by contemporary translators, and as the chief of the company soon began to understand it, it was a speciality with the Illustrious Theatre; Molière and his comrades got much of their provincial popularity by its presentation; it was with a farce that they were afterwards to lay the foundation of their favour at Court. It is to be conjectured that they lived a not unpleasant life. George Sand, dreaming of Molière in her eloquent, sentimental way, saw in this part of his career an endless opportunity of picnics, romantic interviews with the victor of Rocroy, and prophetic yearnings towards little Armande Béjard. Dassoucy, the wandering virtuoso—gamester, mu-

sician, buffoon, blackguard—once had the luck to winter with the members of the Illustrious Theatre, and cherished the memory of the experience ever afterwards. In the greater towns, they would “take up their pitch,” as the slang of the highway has it, for weeks and even months at a stretch. To the strollers of those years an empty tennis-court was what the piece of waste land or the open market space is to the showmen and circus people of these; and in some tennis-court—the Bottle, or the Star, or the Golden Cross—the stage would be erected. Thrice a week there was advertisement by tuck of drum; and of an afternoon the good burgesses and their wives, the rufflers and soldadoes, the young fellows longing for a taste of life and things Parisian, would flock toward it; and, by the light of tallow-candles in chandeliers of lath, the *Scévole* of Pierre du Ryer, or the *Visionnaires* of Desmarests, or Corneille's own *Pompée*, or *Illusion Comique*, would be represented, “with good accent and good discretion.” The local nobleman would come in state, and sit out the performance with the critical air of one familiar with the intonations of Floridor, and with anecdotes of Mondory in his palmy time. Sometimes, too, he would receive them in his own ancestral manor. There, beneath

Les tourelles en poivrière,
Et les hauts toits en éteignoir,

in the great hall hung round with tapestries and antlers, Molière and his fellows must many and many a time have played their parts as actors and as students both. In the little burghs and chief places there would always be both room and welcome for them. They were doubtless one of the sights of every fair within the limits of their circuit. Now and then they would have for audience the Estates in person, when they might requisitionise men and horses for the service of their caravan, and when all the notables of the province, reposing from the labour of squabbling and self-government, would come to the theatre, with all ceremony and splendour, to laugh at the actors, and flirt with the actresses, and comport themselves generally as became their high lineage. I do not doubt but the porter of the Illustrious Theatre had now and then an exciting time, when swords were drawn and cudgels flourished, and the brawlers who would have seen the play for nothing had to pay miserably in their skins. I do not doubt but there were romances acted not a few that had nothing theatrical about them but their brevity and the profession of one or other of their chief personages. Was not Mlle. Du Parc so fortunate as to capture the heart of Corneille at Rouen fair? Are there not wild stories extant as to the exploits of Molière himself? Have not actors and actresses exercised, from the days of Thespis downwards, an irresistible influence on the hearts of their audiences? It is more to the purpose to remember that the company, which varied greatly as to its constitution, became excellent in its art, and that its ten or twelve years' sojourn in the provinces must have done it, and after it the French stage, invaluable service. The Illustrious Theatre had the whole

provincial society of southern and western France to consider and take pattern by; and it made good use of its opportunities. Molière must have known the two Diafoirus, father and son, at Montpellier, where Thomas attended the schools, and his sire was practising for himself. Before he saw the noble sportsman who is said to have stood for the Dorante of *Les Fâcheux*, he had had to listen, at the inn or after the play, to scores of little Nimrods. He had come up with the

Franc campagnard, avec longue rapière,
Montant superbement sa jument poulinière,
Qu'il honorait du nom de sa bonne jument,

of Dorante's pathetic narrative on the king's highway, "grand benêt de fils" and all. Charlotte and Mathurine and Pierrot, Martine and Sganarelle, Lubin and M. Tibaudier, Léonard de Pourceaugnac and Georges Dandin, M. Jourdain and Madame d'Escarbagnas and La Rapière, Nicole and Jacqueline, and the amiable family of De Sotenville, seem to be so many sketches from the life. It is at least as certain that their poet made them for actors who knew the originals, and could fill out his sketches from their own store of experience and observation, and who were thus qualified to be the founders of a tradition living and respectable even now.

In the provinces Molière appears to have made friends of the kind who could be helpful at Court. There, too, he laid the foundations of his literary fame with a couple of the most famous of romantic farces, the first of which, *L'Étourdi*, is held by no less a man than Victor Hugo to be, in point of style, the best thing he ever did. Things were therefore ripe for the return to Paris in 1658. It is an old story how the king's favour was won with *Nicomède* and *Le Docteur Amoureux*, and how the Illustrious Theatre, taken under the wing of Philip of Orleans, became Monsieur's company of players forthwith. Monsieur's players were made happy in the promise of a yearly pension of 300 livres, and had the use on off-days of the Italian Theatre in the Hôtel du Petit-Bourbon, once the property of the traitor Constable, and with the hangman's mark in yellow paint on it even then. Clever and new as they were, they could not for some time make money as they must have made it in the provinces. As yet the manager was not even that "man named Molière, who writes plays that are not devoid of wit, and is by no means an uncommon actor, unless 'tis of the ridiculous," of Tallemant's note. To the public and his rivals he was at first a very ordinary personage. Afterwards, to those of the Hôtel de Bourgogne at least (for with the Italians and the actors of the Marais he was on good terms), he got to be sometimes hateful, sometimes contemptible, suspicious always. Like Liston, he seems to have thought he was a great tragic actor; at the Hôtel de Bourgogne, rich in the services of Floridor and Montfleury, of Hauteroche and Beauchâteau, they thought he could not play tragedy at all, and said so. Afterwards, when he was making money and winning favour, several poetasters were put up to make fun of him, and

though these gentlemen were answered victoriously in the *Critique* and the *Impromptu*, the old grudge rankled till the end. It was not till the upstart manager had been dead a year that, in Brécourt's *Ombre de Molière*, the Hôtel consented to say a good word for him. In his coffin he was somebody to be admired and even regretted; on the stage, and producing such trifles as *Tartufe* and the *Ecole des Femmes*, he was a buffoon, a plagiarist, a Georges Dandin, an atheist, and anything vile you please. It must be owned that by the action of dying a great artist completes his fame in several senses. Meanwhile, things were but at the beginning, and for a long time it was uphill work. La Grange was not a member of the company for some months after its installation at the Petit-Bourbon. His first six quotations of receipts are of 250, 155, 182, 175, 176, and 120 livres; his tenth, a Saturday's, is of 72 livres only. There were ten in the company, six actors and four actresses, and expenses had to be paid ere any one could touch a penny. As far as Paris was concerned, it must have seemed as if, for all its change of name, the Illustrious Theatre had made no sort of change in its fortunes.

But Molière was not, it would seem, in any way discouraged. At the Easter of 1659 he increased his company to twelve. Three of his people left him, and he took on five others in their place. Among these was La Grange.

II.

La Grange was of respectable Picard stock, and had received a decent education. He was the youngest of three children, who were orphaned at an early age, and suffered the usual wrong at the hands of the usual guardian. His sister became a nun; La Grange records her death a good many years afterwards in his *Registre*. He and his elder brother Achille went out into the world as strolling players. Acting, as I have said, was a gentlemanly calling, and the two young Varlets were nobodies and nameless. They chose, therefore, and took to themselves, sonorous titles, and became respectively Varlet de Verneuil and Varlet de la Grange thenceforward and for ever.

Of the feats they did, or did not do, under the impulse of these noble denominatives, history says no word. They may have served the turn of some wandering charlatan, and on a stage of planks and trestles have mimed and fooled into attention and sympathy the audience that collected to laugh at their master's lecture and avoid his wares. The famous Tabarin was an artist of this type. At the foot of the Bronze Horseman on the Pont-Neuf, it was Tabarin's to droll and sing his public into credulity and good humour. Then his brother, the imposing Mondor, gorgeous in plumes, and spangles, and broideries, would draw teeth, and let blood, and put off orvietan, and heal-all. It is more probable, however, that MM. Varlet de Verneuil and Varlet de la Grange had a soul above drugs, and were attached to a strolling company of some sort, combined for the presentment of the legitimate drama. They may even have been members for a while of the Illus-

trious Theatre itself. La Grange's editor, with a touch of sentimentality that does him credit, is anxious to see proof for as much in the terms the discreet and useful creature uses about the *Etourdi* and the *Dépit*. But La Grange himself (who, indeed, is niggardly of every kind of information but the essential), says nothing about his strolling days. I can imagine that, for more reasons than one, the memory of this part of his life was distasteful to him. There were strollers and strollers; and if the Illustrious Theatre was the opulent and roystering concern it is believed, you have but to read Scarron's *Roman Comique*, and to remember Edmund Kean and his breakfast of raw turnips, to know that the medal had its reverse, and that that reverse was unattractive. Reading Scarron's novel is like rummaging an old lumber-room, shut up for ages, and full of broken boots and empty bottles, of greasy fripperies and dishonourable potsherds. Destin, the hero, is introduced in a nightcap twined with garters, a doublet of hodden gray belted with a strap, and the poor breeches and buskins he wears on the boards. He has a long gun on his shoulder, and is canopied with the pies and crows he has been shooting for the common dinner, and with some purchase in the shape of a gosling or a fowl. Beside Destin trails an old rascal burdened with a bass-viol. Their waggon is drawn by four lean oxen and a mare with foal; it is heaped high with boxes, bundles, and rolls of painted cloth; and a young person clad anyhow is perched on the top. The ostler falls foul of the primitive actor at the mare's head, before he has been a minute at the inn-door. And when these scarecrows put before their first audience the famous tragedy of *Marianne*, they have no curtain but a dirty, borrowed sheet, while Destin discourses as Herod, in Mondory's vein, on a mattress for a bed royal, and crowned with a basket. Through a squalid pell-mell of broils, and drinking-bouts, and abductions, the story scrambles to its close. There is plenty of cudgelling and love-making, and plenty of the brutality that used to pass muster for an expression of the Comic; and, making all allowance for the tendency to exaggerate and overcharge of the professional buffoon who wrote it, it portrays a way of life that is nothing if not noisy, miserable, sordid, repugnant. For a humorist and an observer like Molière, and for a vagabond swordsman like Brécourt, strolling, under certain circumstances, had doubtless its interest and its charm. But La Grange, as revealed in his book, is a highly respectable person; he is a man of method, conduct, thrift; and it is not surprising that for himself his career as a player should begin at the Petit-Bourbon. La Grange the stroller is some one to be forgotten; La Grange the actor, attached to Monsieur's company, is some one who may keep a diary and record, with decent pride, a daily minute of the sums he earns and the plays in which he earns them.

How he began and what he played at the Petit-Bourbon nobody knows. His first appearance among Monsieur's players was at the Castle of Chilly—"On Monsr le Grand Maistre donna un regal au Roy." The piece was the *Dépit*; the receipts were of 400 livres; after payment of

expenses, the actors got some 24 livres each. The diarist has no more to say than that. Some weeks afterwards the company played the *Etourdi*, and "Monsieur Béjard fell ill and could scarce get through his part." Monsieur Béjard died in some eleven days; his decease is signified in the diary by the marginal introduction of the first of the coloured lozenges used by La Grange as a specific sign of death. It is probable enough that La Grange stepped into the dead man's shoes, and became the *jeune premier* of Molière's company forthwith. It was not till the next November, however, that he had a chance of creation. Then, under the rubric "Troisième pièce nouvelle de Mr. Molière," he is found noting the production (at ordinary prices) of *Les Précieuses Ridicules*—the frolicsome farce designed to mock the silly creatures who were aping the eccentricities, linguistic and sentimental, of Catherine de Vivonne and the Hôtel de Rambouillet. Herein he breaks ground in his own name. The Seigneurs La Grange and Du Croisy open the ball together, while Molière and Jodelet are getting on their braveries in the dressing-room, and Madelon and Cathos are making lip-salve, and Gorgibus is waiting to come on with Marotte. The receipts that day are of 533 livres, and each actor gets 43 livres for his share. La Grange does not think it worth his while to add that the whole Hôtel de Rambouillet was present, nor that the play was sent to his Majesty in the Pyrenees. Of the legendary old man, with his "Courage, Molière! voilà la bonne comédie!" the prudent Seigneur makes no mention; nor is it anything to him if Ménage did, or did not, talk to the poet of the *Pucelle* about adoring what they had burned and burning what they had adored. What's Chapelain to him, or he to Chapelain? It is more to his heart that, next Tuesday, prices are doubled, and the *Précieuses* is played to a house of upwards of 1,400 livres, so that he and his fellows take as much as 121 livres apiece. Indeed, the famous farce was a little gold-mine to Monsieur's company of players. In casting up his accounts, La Grange is able to note that between April 25, 1659, and March 12, 1660, he has received the sum of 2,999 livres 10 sous: a wage that, considering the relative values of money then and money now, is as good as a rising player not long out of his teens could wish.

With the *Précieuses* La Grange's career as an actor of original parts began in right earnest. From that time forth the great comic poet wrote nothing in which he had not a capital share. To Molière he was what M. Delaunay, one of the most charming and accomplished of his successors, has been to Augier, and in a posthumous sense to Musset. Time wrought no change in the relations between this most able comedian and the noblest of all theatrical managers. Molière was ousted from the Petit-Bourbon; but La Grange went over with him to the Palais Royal. Catherine le Clerc was discrowned for Armande Béjard; but La Grange made love to Armande Béjard as he had made it to Catherine le Clerc. And though young Baron, in the prime of beauty and genius that were to make his name one of the most famous in theatrical story, was for

some time a comrade of La Grange's, and played one part that might have been his elder's, he interrupted the other's avocation but for an instant, and left him in the unimpaired exercise of his function. In its exercise La Grange continued till the end. His histrionic physiognomy is as marked and individual as Molière's own. He is the general sire of classic stage-lovers. In the full if somewhat narrow world of his chief's achievement it was his to smile and whisper always. His were grace and elegance and distinction, the hero's eyes of youth and golden voice, the exquisite things to say and the goodly things to do. On the boards his life was that of the conventional incarnation of Comeliness and Passion. He stood for the terror of husbands and of guardians, the idol of generous waiting-maids, the dream of amiable and secluded heroines. To a simple-minded observer from the pit the trade he plied is the most captivating imaginable. Black Care, if he sits on the lover's hilts at all, sits there invisibly and has Laurelled Victory for his apparent companion. Night after night to win Beauty in the teeth of Jealousy and Suspicion; night after night to go to bed with a wedding-march in your heart and the plaudits of sentimental audiences in your ears; to be Romeo to an endless line of Juliets; to be for ever free of silken ladders and myrtle balconies—to do these things is to have, to all appearances, a time of gold. There are many who would like to be Shakspeare; there are more who, at least at certain moments, would as lief be Charles Kemble. It is a fine thing to be able to *make* Benedicks and Mercutios; it sometimes seems a far finer thing to *be* Benedick or Mercutio. The poet creates; and so far as he is concerned, the pleasure of creation is the only one he has. It is other guess-work with the actor. Nightly, for some three hours or so, he is a glorified edition of his author and himself. He is all the poet's fancy painted, and he is so actually and tangibly. He is the realisation of a gorgeous imagining, and withal the cynosure of a whole houseful of delighted eyes and the admired of all observers. His poets may be Shakspeare or Molière themselves; but it is excusable and not unnatural if for an instant he inclines to hold himself their equal. They, after all, are responsible for no more than the outline, the skeleton, the unfinished sketch; and but for him their ideals would be merely so much ink and paper, the rough notes of a fleeting vision, the *précis* of a vague, impracticable hallucination. I should add that I believe this statement of the actor's feeling for his authors to be in no way overcharged. An eminent comedian* has but now asserted that, in the case of second-rate writing, the actor is to be credited with all the beauties of the thing acted, and that the poetaster's obligations to his player are incalculable. And though it is not question in this gentleman's discourse of either Molière or Shakspeare, still I cannot but believe that the sense of collaboration is present in the best of their interpreters as strongly, in some sort, as in those of Colman, let me say, or Eugène Scribe.

* M. Constant Coquelin, of the Comédie-Française.

La Grange is often spoken of as Molière's favourite actor. This is only true in a certain limited sense. Molière's favourite actor was Molière. You have only to read to see that the great playwright, however charmingly he wrote for his fellows, was a true actor in this—that in most of his plays he kept the best part and the lion's share for himself. He took care of La Grange, it is true, as he had taken care of Mademoiselle de Brie, as in a far greater measure he took care of Mademoiselle de Molière, as he took care—more or less—of all his company. But he believed in himself not less as a comedian than as a poet. If he wrote such incomparable parts as Sosie and Mascarille, as Pourceaugnac and Alceste, he wrote them primarily for his own acting; and I cannot help thinking that he held the scene a good deal the richer for his presence. He was a wonderful stage-carpenter, however, and he so contrived things as usually to approve himself an artist in construction. His work is always exquisitely balanced. It is not less certain that he is the principal figure, and that his is the best and most conspicuous part, than that this is never so at the cost of art, or even of effect. He does not focus into his single person all the interest, dramatic or histrionic, of a situation or an act. He is content with keeping himself *en évidence*; and when his theme requires it, he gives his companions every chance of acting their best with him, and of acting it, from the sentimental point of view, to his confusion and disadvantage. On the stage he had no dignity but the artist's; his position might be as absurd as you please, so long as he could make right histrionic use of it. Only twice has he the *beau rôle*, and that he has it even then appears to me referable to certain theories outside his usual practice as a player. It was a fancy of his to believe that the emphasis and dignity of tragedy were peculiarly suited to his means; and he had original and just ideas, not accepted by his contemporaries, on the subject of heroic elocution. As it seems to me, *Don Garcie de Navarre* and the *Misanthrope* may have proceeded in some sort from a desire of indulging his humour of seriousness, and a determination to example his elocutionary theories in verse that, without being actually tragic and heroic, should have a something in it of the tragic and heroic quality. In *Don Garcie* he failed signally, both as an actor and as a poet. The nature of the play may be described as metaphysico-romantic; and its author's genius, a genius of comedy—of spiritual realism, that is to say; refined, abstracted, intellectualised, but still realism—was ill at ease and uncertain of itself in such an environment. The thing, moreover, is ill-made, wordy and dull; and the wonder is that Molière, with his admirable artistic instinct and his exquisite good sense, should have thought so well of it as he did. In the *Misanthrope*, which is a veritable drawing-room epic, he succeeded. In itself the purest comedy, in intention as in execution, it has for its central figure a personage who is none the less comic that there are in him the possibilities of tragedy. In the presentment of the passionate impulses of Alceste and the delivery of his wrathful tirades, Molière found, I think, his

opportunity as a tragic actor—as years and experience had modified his belief in himself as a player of heroic parts—and his opportunity as an exponent of elocutionary reform. Apart from *Alceste* and *Don Garcie*, his histrionic practice was almost wholly grotesque. In the parts he wrote for himself not less than in the structure and conduct of his plays, there are everywhere vestiges of the jovial Neapolitan tradition. A pupil and admirer of the famous Tiberio Fiorelli, it is natural to find that one of his chief merits must have been a merit of pantomime and facial expression. His parts are scored with opportunities of dumb show. He has often nothing to do but look on in silence, and it is not to be doubted that his silence was eloquent of absurdity. It was his way of reposing himself without leaving the scene, and at the same time of giving his actors their chances. You can imagine what such an actor would make of Arnolphe listening to Agnès in the *Ten Mascarades*; of Orgon hanging on the lips of Dorine, when she gives him news of his *Tartufe*—"le pauvre homme!" of Trissotin battenning on the praises of his quire of bluestockings; of Sganarelle bedevilled with imaginings of impending horns; of the hero of the *Mariage Forcé* struggling with the volubility of Pancrace and the sententiousness of Marphurius; of Georges Dandin in the presence of his father-in-law; of Pourceaugnac under the compliments of Sbrigani, trying to understand his brace of doctors, fearing and fleeing the charge of apothecaries, hearkening with bated breath to the gibbets and tortures of the two Switzers. For the rest, it must be owned that, as acting parts, these and most of the other creations of the great comedian are of extraordinary merit in every way. In them, as in nearly all that Molière made, whether for himself or his fellows, you feel the hand of the actor-dramatist: of the artist in histrionics as well as in writing; of the perfect stage-poet who knows how to make a play that will act as well as it will read, how to make a character, not only for the closet, but for the boards as well. That Molière has been for over two centuries a living influence upon the playwrights and dramatists of his country is owing not much more, I take it, to his genius as a comic poet than to his consummate skill as a craftsman. It is the duty and the pride of every Briton to scout the notion that he is at all comparable with Shakspeare; and from certain points of view assuredly Shakspeare is immeasurably his superior. But if it be a question of scenic tact and skill, then Shakspeare disappears; the honour and advantage are Molière's, and his incontestably. He knew exactly what he wanted, and exactly how to get it; and as both he and Shakspeare wrote originally and primarily for the stage, it is only fair that their achievement as mere playwrights should sometimes be compared. The comparison is easily made, and tested not less easily. We do not know and cannot realise our Shakspeare as he was to himself and his contemporaries; we have to adapt him ere we play him, to cut in this place and rearrange in that, to eke out his attractions with everything in the way of costumes and scenery that art can devise or money buy. At the Théâtre-Français they

play their Molière act for act, scene for scene, line for line, dress for dress, decoration for decoration, as he was played two hundred years ago at the Petit-Bourbon and the Palais Royal.

III.

Molière's "young first" could have been but one or two and twenty when he assisted the Seigneur du Croisy to confound the daughters of honest Gorgibus. He could have been but four or five and thirty when, "vêtu galamment et en amoureux," he enchanted his contemporaries in the last of the Moliéresque masterpieces; and in bearing his part in the duet with Angélique-Molière made an impression that is audible even yet. The work in question, the *Malade*, is perhaps the costliest play ever put upon the stage. It killed Molière, to begin with; and the expenses of production were so large as to be in part unpaid when Lulli turned the King's company out of the Palais Royal, and forced it to set up for itself at the Hôtel Guénégaud. When Molière died, La Grange had been for some six years his orator and acting manager. It was the orator's part to come before the curtain and make announcements, or ask indulgence, in a neat little set speech, flowered with compliments, and couched in terms sufficiently conceited and rhetorical; and the actor chosen for the employ had to be a good artist and a public favourite. The great Bellerose, the respectable Floridor, did orator's duty at the Hôtel de Bourgogne; Mondory had been bellman to the Marais; Molière was long his own trumpeter at the Palais Royal, and probably at the Illustrious Theatre also. If bill-posting were suddenly to become a lost art, Mr. Irving would certainly take it on himself to be the orator of the Lyceum. La Grange must have been one of the best orators of his time. He studied the part under Molière; he continued its exercise at the Hôtel Guénégaud; finally, he was the first of the orators of the Théâtre-Français. Samuel Chappuzeau, whose book about theatres he is suspected to have inspired, speaks of him not less garrulously than enthusiastically. "Although," says Samuel, "he is but of middle height, his presence is good, and his air is easy and elegant. You are charmed by his person before he opens his lips. . . . As he has a great deal of fire, and of the decent boldness an orator should have, it is a pleasure to listen to him when he comes on to speak the compliment; and that one with which he regaled his audience at the opening of the King's Company's Theatre (the Hôtel Guénégaud) was in the best taste imaginable. What he had excellently contrived was spoken with marvellous grace." I hope that this pleasant description does its subject no more than justice. As La Grange was not only a charming orator, but also an admirable actor, a good judge of literature, and a better of the public taste, a most intelligent and capable man of business, and an excellent advertising agent—it must be owned that he falls not far short of being an ideal theatrical manager. It is no wonder that under his guidance the Hôtel Guénégaud, unassisted from without, should have

flourished so as to have become a chief factor in the constitution of the Théâtre-Français. The theatre was not always prosperous; theatres seldom are. But La Grange worked hard, and was not at all scrupulous as to his expedients. He kept alive and in honour the tradition of Molière, and he tickled his public with melodramas and spectacles. It was at his bidding that Thomas Corneille made havoc and verse of *Le Festin de Pierre*, and, classic as he was, he had as good an eye for current scandals as the playwright attached to a modern waterside theatre. Events showed how thoroughly he knew his business. The year of the *Devineresse* (1679), a comic melodrama on the adventures of Madame Voisin, was worth 1,100 livres more to him and the old Molierists at his back than the great and profitable year of the *Imposteur* itself. Monetarily, the Hôtel Guénégaud was successful enough to make the translation of Mademoiselle de Champmeslé a change for the better in the famous actress's position. She was the mainstay of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, which was ruined by her secession; so that La Grange may be held to have avenged his old manager's wrongs as brilliantly and completely as need be.

Soon afterwards the companies were fused. After 1680 La Grange's story is that of the troublous early years of the Comédie-Française; for he took his place at the helm of the new society as naturally as he had in the Palais Royal and the Hôtel Guénégaud. He had to negotiate affairs with the Dauphiness, for some time vicegerent of the theatrical kingdom. He was the recipient and exponent of that order from the Duc de Créqui which took away the liberties of the little corporation, and gave it over to the gentlemen of the Chamber. With the rest, he became a servant of the household. The weekly meetings for the discharge of business were his institution. The practice of admitting actors to the Comédie stage for an appearance on trial was introduced by him. He it was who fought the society's battles with the unlicensed playhouses of the fairs. Finally, it was his to conduct the tedious and toilsome series of negotiations, which ended (1687) in the players being permitted to buy land and build a house of their own, the first possessed by the Comédie-Française. His life was always mannerly and decent. An entry in the books of the great theatre, dated 29th February, 1692, speaks of him as at his post and busy as usual. "The pensions, counters, and arrears," it says, "are in the keeping of M. de la Grange." He died next day: of grief, the story runs, for the conjugal misfortunes of his only child. He was fifty-three years old. His brother, Achille Varlet de Verneuil, once a stroller with him, and afterwards his comrade at the Hôtel Guénégaud, and as an associate of the Théâtre-Français, lived on, a pensioner of the house, till 1707. As he left a fortune of 100,000 livres, it is conjectured that he and M. de Verneuil recovered a portion of the paternal estate.

He does not seem to have been happily married. His wife, a daughter of Ragueneau de l'Estang—pastrycook, poet, player, candle-snuffer to a

company of strollers—was plain of face, had no talent, and was an arrant flirt. For Armande Béjard, otherwise Mademoiselle Molière, otherwise Mademoiselle Guérin, the heroine of a thousand public love-passages, he had till the last a regard that may have been touched with sentiment, or may not, but that was certainly unaffected and sincere. It was at her request that he edited and published (1682) the first complete Molière; and the authorship is claimed for him of the neat and pleasant little biography prefixed to it. The work by which he is best known, however, is his *Registre*—a professional diary he seems to have kept for his own uses. It covers a space of twenty-seven years, and is of unique interest and authority. It remained in manuscript for near two centuries, but a costly edition has been issued by the Comédie-Française, and it is now within reach of everybody. There is no portrait of La Grange in the museum of the famous playhouse he helped to found; but the publication of this record of his life-long endeavours has done more to popularise his name than a score of portraits. No more curious monument of human carefulness exists in letters.

It is the skeleton-history of over a quarter-century of theatrical work, and reveals its author for the least personal and most punctual and methodical of men. A fine arithmetical sentiment breathes from its pages; they prove La Grange to have been a kind of banker born with a genius for acting. To me the association of his orderly, split-farthing private habit with the gallant and passionate part he had to play on the stage, has an odd enough effect. I confess that it costs me an effort to think of thrift and an eye to the main chance among the braveries of Léandre, and to picture Lélie a good hand at a bargain. The genuine Byron notwithstanding, I should as soon look to have a fourpenny-piece in guerdon from Haroun-al-Raschid as to find in Don Juan a heaven-born cashier, or have it brought home to me that under the plumes and ruffles of the Dorante who lies so magnificently there is harboured a complete understanding of the rules of compound interest. Mario, not unhappily described as "one of the triumphs of the male sex," with a million a year off the stage and on it, must always remain the ideal, the heroic type, of the *grand premier rôle*; and Mario is only histrionically a descendant of La Grange. That honest and excellent actor would have made as honest and as excellent a cheesemonger. Nothing commercial escaped him; scarce ever did he remember anything merely private or individual. Like the rest of his contemporaries he lacked the sense of picturesqueness; unlike the most of them, he had no turn for either sentiment or scandal. How Molière dressed the Sganarelles; how the De Brie comprehended Agnès; what of art and nature there was in Hubert's Madame Jourdain; if the Du Parc really did desert her manager for a young poet called Racine—to these questions and their like he returns no answer. It is characteristic of him that, although he was an actor, the memory of his own artistic achievements is as indifferent to him as that of every one else's. So far as I remember,

he mentions himself as a player but once; and he was made to do that by falling ill of "une fièvre continue double-tierce" (whatever it may be), and having "deux rechutes." "Je fus deux mois sans jouer," he adds, aggrieved and pathetic, as becomes an honest man who cannot earn the wage he is receiving; "M. du Croisy prist mon rosle d'Eraste." Is it not evident that he does not care a straw whether M. du Croisy's Eraste is better or worse than his own; that he has little or nothing of the true actor in him except the talent for acting? After this surprising proof of his impersonality, it is needless to add that he says nothing of his part in that famous festival (1664), the Delights of the Enchanted Island. He might have told us a great deal about that circus-like apotheosis of regal gaiety, if he would; for he had the honour to figure therein as Apollo. Most actors would give their ears to be able to talk of a time when, "brillants de lumière," they had saluted royalty from a noble chariot, driven by the *Sieur Milet* (the king's coachman, and naturally 'the best in the world') as Time, and adorned by *Mdles. de Brie* and *Molière* as the Bronze and Golden Ages, and by the *Sieurs du Croisy* and *Hubert* as the Ages of Silver and Iron." But *La Grange* is less an actor than an animated account-book, and his share in the Delights awakens no memories in him but of the 268 livres 10 sous, he earned by it. And of his journey to *Lille*, on behalf of the *Tartufo*, he merely remarks that he and *La Thorillière* left *Paris* ("en poste" in an addendum) on such and such a day, that they were "très bien receus," and that they returned in due season, and began playing once more. It is true that he sets down regularly—each under its peculiar rubric: of ring, or diamond, or crosses interlaced—the births and deaths and marriages among the company. But they seem to have a commercial significance to him; he regards them in the same light as the new pieces whose production he records; they touch the company in its business welfare, and touch it home, or, I think, he would not mention them. Once or twice he departs from his rule, and is, so to speak, shaken out of himself and his peddling habit and attitude. When *Ratabon*, the architect, expelled *Monsieur's* players from the *Petit-Bourbon*, and inadvertently and against his will did *Molière* the best turn possible, *La Grange* was greatly incensed. He speaks of *Ratabon's* scandalous behaviour in terms that, for him, are really passionate. He relates how he and his fellows refused all offers from other theatres, and swore to stand by *Molière* to the last. "All the actors," says he, "were fond of their chief, the *Sieur de Molière*, who, besides his extraordinary merit and capacity, had so much kindness and such a taking way as obliged them, one and all, to protest that they would share his fortunes, and would never leave him, no matter what offers were made them, nor what the advantages they might reap away from him." Again, recording a performance before *Mazarin*, he is moved to remind himself how, all the time, the minister lay sick in his chair, and how the king, who looked on "incognito, appuyé sur le dossier de la chaise de S. E.," went every

now and then away into a great cabinet. But these entries were written in his hot youth, and while some touches of boyishness may yet have leavened the sedate practicality of his mind and temper.

Such outbursts of violence do but throw into higher relief the commercial blankness of the pages in which they occur, and into which they seem to have somehow come astray. In his way La Grange is none the less an invaluable man. He has a keen eye for the price of candles, if he has none for the aspect of the house they lighted. He is as careful to note the discrepancy between his allowance for clothes and their actual cost, as he is careful not to note what were their colours and fashions. Racine's poor treatment of Molière is interesting to him under its monetary aspect if under no other. He is, in fact, a prince of book-keepers, and his *Registre* is a very mine of documents and accounts, and of amounts and dates. The moneys received and expended are set down by him religiously. It is all one whether his entry refer to the price of a set of battered sconces, or to the increment from an entertainment at the Louvre. He notes with an impartial hand the "nine livres given in charity to an unfrocked and revolted cordelier," and the expense of removal from the Palais Royal to the Hôtel Guénégaud. He books the worth of a new play as dispassionately as the vintner's little account for its rehearsals, the bills of carpenters and chairmakers, the shoemaker's note for new pumps and the ballet-master's for a new ballet. From April 28, 1659, the date of his first appearance among Monsieur's players, to August 31, 1685, the date of his last entry—an entry in connection with the Théâtre-Français—there is not a single performance, in the theatre or out of it, but he records, to a fraction, the gross receipts and each actor's share in them. The help this monumental exactitude has been to students of Molière and his times can hardly be told. As a document in the theatrical sociology, indeed, the *Registre* is priceless. Lost, there would have been a gap in the story of the world's first stage and of one of the world's best artists.

W. E. H.

Eppelein von Gailingen.

Heisa aufgeschaut !
 Wem graut vor Strauss',
 Der bleib' zu Haus ;
 Eppela-Gaila zieht zu vierzehnt aus,
 Eppela-Gaila von Dramaus !—OLD BALLAD.

THE scene of our present sketch is laid in Germany ; the action of our romantic drama—which is based partly on living legend, partly on the records of old chronicles and archives—plays itself chiefly in and around Nürnberg. The date is the fourteenth century.

The state of Germany in that age was anarchic, chaotic. The Church, the Kaisers, the Fürsten, nay even the Imperial Free Cities—whereof there were then some hundred and six—were all, in a rage of strain and storm, struggling together, each force opposed to the other in a wild welter of disordered conflict. Out of the collision of these warring elements was pressed into life the order of *Raubritter*, or Robber-Knights : men of birth who elected to live, in a lawless age, by saddle and by sword ; who sought gain by masterful spoliation, and strove for glory by despicable deeds of arms. The *Raubritter* was a natural product of his land and time. The younger and wilder nobles pressed into the career—for such it then was—with joyous eagerness, and without much sense of shame or wrong—they may almost be called crusaders of crime ; and indeed they very often sublimated their wild life with a strain of knightly daring and warrior-enterprise. Many of them were, naturally, mere coarse common robbers, greedy and cruel ; but there were some who surrounded the perilous avocation with chivalry, and ennobled it with romance. That one of the *Raubritter*, who is the best type of the nobler sort—Eppelein von Gailingen—forms the subject of the present narrative.

England has her Robin Hood, Scotland her Rob Roy, and Germany her Eppelein. The latter, too, is still a name and a fame. I was the other day in his Franconian country, and found his memory still very full of life. At Nürnberg they show you the site of his famous leap for life, though the city wall is now much higher than it was in Eppelein's olden day ; in Rothenburg on the Tauber his name is still a household word, while at Muggendorf, in the fair Franconian Switzerland, they point out to you the ruins of Eppelein's ancient castle. You can hear from peasants an account of some of his many exploits ; and the reputation of Eppelein remains a popular romance.

Herr Franz Trautmann has brought together, out of ballad, legend,

and chronicle, a pleasant volume which presents some picture of its hero ; and to Herr Trautmann and his book I owe acknowledgment and thanks.

Eppelein von Gailingen was no mere robber. If he had been only that, the popular interest in him would not survive as it does.

You see in Germany many a ghostly ruin of an olden castle which still retains feeble hold of a name of its own, but enshrines no memory of a now forgotten owner—the rough robber is forgotten so soon as the life is beneficently knocked out of him ; but the mixed characters of men like Robin Hood or Eppelein live yet in story and in song.

It is difficult for us to realise the actual, tangible law of might which ruled in the fourteenth century ; a might which had to be encountered or died under ; and yet we must try to conceive this sway of force if we would understand the Middle Ages and the robber-knight. The “Kings of the Romans,” the Emperors, were far too busy with their own concerns to think of protecting the life or property of the trader travelling on the highway ; indeed some Kaisers—such ones as Ludwig the Baier, Karl IV., Günther von Schwarzburg—were really *Raubritters* on an imperial scale. It is clear that Eppelein did not think his profession any disgrace. He was indignant at the misdeeds of Church and State, of Kaiser and of Pope. He always held himself to be an “honourable knight ;” he never broke his knightly word ; he was furious against the “slanderous tongues” that called his followers *Staudenhechte* and *Schnapphähne*—“pikes-in-the-wood,” or “snatch-cocks.”

Bravest among the brave, he had a wisdom that could guide his valour to act in safety ; he was capable of courtesy, generosity, chivalry ; he was always gentle to women ; he had a keen wit and a humorous power of strong sarcasm. There was also “the grace and versatility of the man.” He loved adventure, and courted danger for its own fierce sake.

Had Eppelein found an honourable career in noble wars, or in national politics, his singular qualities and his distinguished prowess would have won for him a royal name ; but his times were against him, and they drove him to become—the thing that he was.

Thus much premised, I pass on to show you something of our tarnished hero as he lived and died. I shall try to place before you some vital picture of the first and greatest of the *Raubritter*. His own deeds—and misdeeds—will depict Eppelein best.

Early in the fourteenth century, the good knight, Arnold von Gailingen was lord of the Castles of Illesheim near Windsheim, of Wald near Gunzenhausen, of Trameysl (or Dramaus) near Muggendorf, and of Gailingen, his *Stammschloss*, which latter was situated near Rothenburg on the Tauber. His wife was named Apollonia, and he had two sons, one of whom was a monk at Würzburg, while the other pursued the *Kriegshandel*, or trade of war, in far lands. The soldier-son, following his trade of war, procured himself to be effectually killed in

some one of those far lands; so that Arnold's two first-born sons did not yield him an heir to his name, his honours, and his Castles. However, in or about the year 1311, the Frau Apollonia proposed to make her husband once more a father. "If," said the good lady, "my coming child be a girl, it shall be a nun; if a boy, he shall be a monk." Father Isidorus, the resident Castle chaplain, warmly approved the pious resolution; and Arnold, his wife being weak, did not dissent. In deep winter, in the Castle of Illesheim, Apollonia was safely delivered of a son. They called his name Apollonius, which means, being interpreted, Epelein; and this infant became Epelein of Gailingen and his father's heir. The mother had a bad time, and the infant was, at first, to all appearance, rather weakly. "He will make a good monk," they thought; but when they said this in the child's hearing, he (as chronicles record) raised a great cry, kicked and threatened as if he were angry at the very idea of becoming a monk. When Epelein was christened, he, so soon as he felt the touch of water, uplifted a terrible shout that frightened all that heard it; he nearly upset the christening vessel, and behaved so violently that all were astonished. In this line of conduct, however, Epelein resembled the infant who afterwards became the Emperor Wenzel, and who, when baptized in the St. Sebaldus Church in Nürnberg, comported himself in the like uproarious manner. Arnold remarked, as he watched his child's behaviour, "I should almost doubt whether this boy will ever make a monk." The little Epelein soon ripened into a strong and sturdy boy. When he was about six years old, his great delight was to take down from the wall his father's sword, and to swing it about. He tried to draw on his father's heavy riding boots and spurs; and when Arnold rode out on "Black Adam," the boy insisted upon riding in front of his father on the great war-horse. At ten, Epelein could ride "Black Adam" almost better than his father. The boy never knew fear. He would catch wild, unbroken colts by the mane, swing himself on to them, and gallop furiously round the meadows; nor could the fiercest horse ever throw the boy. He sat as if he had been molten on to a horse. Arnold did not wish to pain his wife, and therefore held his tongue before her, but he was often heard to mutter, as he watched Epelein, "They will never make a monk of that boy." Himself an old *Haudegen*, the knight had a secret joy in his son's strength, and daring, and unruliness.

Frau Apollonia was a weak and pious woman. Given such a lady of it, and the Castle is like to be ruled by a priest; as, indeed, was the case with all Arnold's many Castles, in which the Father Isidorus, while maintaining a decent show of respect for the good knight, was practically almost supreme. The education and control of the young Epelein were confided to the priest, but without good results. Epelein soon detected that the father was selfish and a hypocrite; and the boy rose in revolt against the priestly rule. Epelein would obey only Arnold, who seldom interfered between priest and scholar, but, with a smile, let them fight it

out between them, though Isidorus was always complaining of the boy, and urging Arnold to punish him. The quarrels between Isidorus and Eppelein became fierce and frequent; and the lad played his reverend tutor many evil tricks. One day, after some mischievous prank, the incensed father, after calling Eppelein a *heilloser Gesell*, pulled the boy's ears, receiving in return a blow which nearly knocked him down. "How can you honour my father and mother," asked Eppelein, "when you take their son by the ears?" "A pretty monk you'll make!" roared the enraged chaplain. Eppelein, who generalised too rapidly, conceived an unhappy dislike to the whole body of the clergy. If monks or priests were coming to the Castle, he took away the plank, or tree, by which they had to cross the river; when they reached the courtyard, he let loose all the great dogs of the Castle, and fastened all the doors. Twice, when Isidorus went to the cellar, for purposes no doubt innocent in themselves and certainly conducive to his comfort, Eppelein locked him in, and the father could only get let out by frantic knockings and callings. On another occasion the boy glued together the leaves of the father's breviary. Isidorus did not find out this trick for some days, and the boy pointed out that the priest must have neglected his duties for at least that period. Arnold and Apollonia were induced to scold Eppelein, who, in consequence, resolved to be further revenged upon Isidorus, and accomplished his purpose in this wise.

Eppelein began by upbraiding the father for setting his parents against him. "Verruchter Gesell!" shouted the angry priest; "if I did not know you to be the son of your pious mother, I should hold you to be an imp of satan!"

"Ah!" returned Eppelein, "you abuse my mother, do you? Very well, you shall pay for that. I have a mind to line your cap with pitch——"

"I'll take care," roared the father, "that you shall have no chance. You shan't get my cap into your mischievous hands. See—I'll put it on at once." And he hastily did so. But Eppelein had been beforehand with him, and the cap was already lined with pitch. Isidorus could put it on, but he could not get it off again. He roared for help, and they tried to pull off the cap, but it stuck fast, and the father's howls were so piteous that they had to leave it where it was, and indeed it remained there for many a long day. Isidorus carried his woes to the Lady Apollonia, and she urged her husband to interfere. Arnold was really angry; he had just put his foot into the stirrup of "Black Adam," but he turned back, moved by his wife's tears, and called to a *Knecht* to bring a stick. Eppelein wrenched the stick out of the man's hand, ran downstairs, sprang upon "Black Adam," and rode away. He was then twelve or thirteen years old. When he reached the great wood near Trameysal, he dismounted, and began (for he was a boy still) to pick and eat bilberries. "Black Adam," who was like a dog with Eppelein, waited by and grazed contentedly.

Presently Epplein heard voices, and creeping through the brushwood, he saw a large band of riders, headed by his father's chiefest enemy. He listened, and found that they were lying in wait for his father, intending to kill Arnold, and then to seize his castle. Noiselessly did Epplein return to his noble horse. He led "Black Adam" over the sand, in order that the horse's hoofs might make no noise; then he remounted, and rode swiftly back. On his road he met Arnold, mounted upon the chestnut, and told him all.

Now when Isidorus saw father and son ride into the courtyard, the good man's heart swelled with joy, for he thought that Epplein had been caught, and was brought home for condign punishment. However, it was another matter that had brought the pair home, though Isidorus did not yet know it. "Gottvergessener Gauch!" he cried out to Epplein. "Now you shall learn what it is to maltreat a holy man! You shall be locked up for days; you shall be——" "Silence!" cried Arnold, who had to think of more serious matters; and it was boot and saddle in the Castle yard, where all the riders were soon mounting, under arms, while the Castle prepared for a defence.

Epplein suggested that a *Knecht* should be sent out, disguised as a peasant, should let himself be caught by the enemy, and should then tell them that Arnold was away from Trameysl, and would not come home for many days.

This was done. Arnold's foes were overjoyed. They postponed their attack until evening, and detained the sullen peasant to lead them in the dark to the Castle—which, he, unwillingly, did.

Things did not, however, fall out quite as they had expected. Just as they reached Trameysl, Arnold, Epplein, and all the riders fell upon them from behind, and defeated the foe with such slaughter that only five remained alive.

This was Epplein's first knightly deed of arms, but he did well and worshipfully, himself unhorsing and wounding two *Lanzknechts*. When the fight was over, said Arnold, as he wiped his sword on the mane of Black Adam—and he said it proudly, too—"That boy will never be a monk!"

Some ten years rolled on, and Epplein developed rapidly. He could keep his own counsel, and carry out his own will. He was feared and liked by the soldiers and the tenants. All said, "The lad has as much character as courage, and will come to be a puissant knight; but a monk—never!" One day his father Arnold died; and shortly after, Frau Apollonia prepared to follow her husband. *Es fehlte ihr im Magen und im Kopfe*—she suffered in the head and in the stomach—and the simple leechcraft of Isidorus could not avail. He mixed, and administered to the good lady, all the draughts that he knew of; but even this treatment did not help; and Apollonia died.

So Epplein became lord, and this was his first act of mastery:—

He sent for Isidorus, and said, "You have caused me many a bitter

hour. "You set enmity between my parents and me; and more than all"—here Eppelein's anger rose high—"you would have made a monk of me! All is ended between us. I am now master here, and you shall not remain another hour in my halls. Go!"

Now you may think that this was not pleasant for Isidorus, who, as priest and *protégé* of the lady of so many Castles, had for long years borne sway and influence, had had an easy life, with free run of cellar and buttery, and who saw himself turned out by the young lord, and relegated to meagre fare and to some sort of work. So he pleaded, and offered to pray for Eppelein, who, however, remained inexorable. Then Isidorus, who was of a heavenly temper, gave way to it, and emitted an impromptu commination service, brief but intense, which contained prophecies of evil and malignant denunciations. This, also, did not help, and the discomfited priest left the halls of the young Knight of Gailingen.

Eppelein's next step was this. He sent out his trumpeters to all the Castles round about to invite the knights and junkers to a great banquet. Some stayed away; but the noble, swelling spirits, the young and wild springalds of nobility, all came, and were royally entertained by Eppelein at Trameysl.

Eppelein's position was this:—He was young, strong, proud, brave, eager for adventure, desirous of glory. He had a hearty hatred of priests and Jews; he loathed hypocrisy; he had a knightly scorn of traders, of usurers, of money-changers; and he held in contempt Bürgermeisters and Town Councils. Hence he determined to live by the saddle and the sword, *i.e.* to become a *Raubritter*, or robber-knight. Such a man had not much of a career open to him in Eppelein's land and time. Of the sea he could know nothing. In the distracted anarchic condition of Germany there were no political causes that could present a field for his energy and enterprise. He believed—or believed that he believed—that his pursuit was not unworthy of a knight fired by love of glory, and he embraced it with a serious joy. There was, in Eppelein's complex nature, a strong love of romance, of daring for its own sake; and he loved the right—as he understood the right. Among the wild spirits who came to Trameysl we find the names of Ruban von Neuerstein, Fritz von Gattendorf, Hans von Krähenheim, Götz von Jachsberg, Albrecht der Eisenhut, Hermann von Nest, Kress von Peillstein, the two Kammerers, Fritz der Walch, Ditmar von Roth, two Bachensteins, and the two von Bernheimer. Last and worst, fiercest and fellest of all the company, was Wolf von Wurmstein, already known as "the wild wolf;" and these reckless young nobles formed themselves into a band of knightly robbers, with Eppelein von Gailingen as their chief. They were strong enough to set the cities at defiance; and they had no imperial opposition to fear.

The new band soon made itself felt and known. No highway in Franconia could be travelled in safety, nor did it help that the traders

engaged escorts of mercenaries. When a merchant rode out of any city gate, the mob chanted—

Komm g'sund nach Haus,
Der Nürnberger Feind reit' aus,
Eppela-Gaila von Dramaus.

It soon appeared that the free Imperial city of Nürnberg was the object of Epplein's peculiar detestation. It was full of priests, Jews, traders, usurers, town-councillors—the people that most he hated—and the city was very rich. What woe he wrought to Nürnberg, what scoffs and mocks he put upon it, we shall soon see. Above all his contemporaries of the sword, Epplein soon made himself a distinctive name in the land. His daring, skill, generosity, romance, became the theme of general talk and popular rumour. Hated by the classes that he hated, Epplein was well loved of the common people. Never did he any harm or wrong to poor or simple folk; indeed, he often did good to them.

Now, of Epplein's many exploits I can only relate a very few. It would need a book, and not a mere article, to tell you all the wild, daring deeds of this fearless *Raubritter* of the fourteenth century. Epplein had, as I think you will soon see, a strain of fierce, practical humour, as of misdirected chivalry, in the ardent nature driven by disjointed times to such a lawless life. If "ower bad for blessing," he was, at times, certainly "ower good for banning." He never broke his knightly word; he conceived that he was doing wild right and rough justice; he often helped true love; he was not murderous or cruel, even to prisoners; and though fell in fight, he killed only in hot blood. First, I will tell you of a pleasant adventure. *Es ist zu wissen*, as the quaint old chronicles say, that there was then in Nürnberg a very wealthy burgher, Tetzl by name, who had one fair daughter that he loved passing well. Agnes was proud of her beauty and her wealth, scorned all her suitors, and declared that she would only marry a nobleman. Thereupon Epplein wrote to the *Rath*, offering through them to Agnes his "ritterlich höchsteigene Hand." He added that if Agnes should marry any Nürnberger he should levy a fine of 8,000 gold gulden upon the city, and would, moreover, have a kiss from the bride. Nürnberg answered angrily, but feared to let Agnes marry any one. When her father had wished her to marry, Agnes would not; but when he wished her not to marry, the wilful beauty decided to marry, and proceeded to fix her affections strongly upon one Ulrich Mendel, a proper young fellow, though scarcely quite attaining to Agnes's original standard of nobility. However, from dread of Epplein, the marriage of Agnes and Ulrich was postponed. Suddenly the news came to Nürnberg that Epplein was sick unto death. He sent to the city for Doctor Rehm, the great physician, to whom Epplein promised a large fee and a safe conduct. The *Rath* gladly sent the Doctor to Trameysl, but intimated to Rehm before he started, that he need not go out of his way to cure Epplein.

Dr. Rehm found his patient very weak and very red in the face. This latter symptom, however, Eppelein had brought about by taking a mighty draught of strong wine. The Doctor felt the sick man's pulse, shook his head, and said: "You have the burning fever, and will probably die. You must repent of all your sins and prepare for death. Still I will see what I can do;" and he prepared a draught for the sick man. "Drink, Eppelein!" said Dr. Rehm. "Rascal!" cried the patient, springing out of bed; "do you think I don't know what you mean? How little you know! I am quite well. You shall drink that draught yourself; if it be poison, you will be served right; if it be harmless it will do you no harm!"

No help for it. The doctor made a wry face, but he drank. Then it occurred to Eppelein to make further experiments in medicine, and he mixed all Rehm's drugs into one draught, and made the doctor drink that. This nearly finished the wretched physician, who was removed in a very uncomfortable condition.

As Rehm had been sent to him, the news of Eppelein's death was easily believed. A black flag floated over the castle, and traders began to crawl out of Nürnberg. Tetzl and Menzel sent away a large cargo of valuable goods, but the caravan was waylaid, and a person, recognised by his comrades as the dead Eppelein, said gaily, "We have the 8,000 gulden and more; now I go for my kiss. Hide about here and wait my return, in case I should bring friends from Nürnberg with me."

The wedding-feast of Agnes and of Ulrich was merry and was splendid. Ulrich said it was a double festival, and celebrated both his marriage and Eppelein's death. "Do not be too sure of that," said a venerable old man among the guests. "I hear that Eppelein has been seen again."

Now the bride, who was curious and anxious, went to the venerable old man to inquire further, when suddenly, to her surprise, she was passionately embraced and heartily kissed. Off went white wig and beard, and the rest of the disguise; out flamed a bright keen sword, and the guest, no longer old, cried: "I have had my money, I have had my kiss! I am Eppelein! After me who lists to follow." He sprang upon his horse, and rode thundering over the bridge at the *Frauenthor*. Then there was mounting in hot haste, and the enraged Ulrich and the Nürnbergers rode, as they might, after the bride-kisser. Eppelein kept ahead, but did not ride so fast as usual. Presently he whistled, and from copse and shaw came forth the Wolf and the riders of Dramaüs. Eppelein tied Ulrich to his horse, gave him in charge to two *Knechts*, and said: "Sir Bridegroom, we shall soon meet at Trameysl. I always keep my word. You will know Eppelein again!" Then Eppelein returned to the joy of fierce fight. The Nürnbergers retired sorely discomfited, but Ulrich remained Eppelein's prisoner.

The next day Eppelein wrote, in stately fashion, to the *Rath* of the praiseworthy free city of Nürnberg. He said two friends of theirs, Dr.

Rehm and Ulrich Mendel, were on a visit to him ; but, though the air at Dramaus was good, both seemed rather to pine for Nürnberg, and would gladly return home, which they could do so soon as praiseworthy free city aforesaid should have paid for them a little ransom of 4,000 gold gulden. This ransom Nürnberg paid forthwith, and recovered her citizens ; but Eppelein had his kiss, his glory, and his gain.

It is to be noticed that neither Dr. Rehm nor Ulrich had been at all ill-treated while they were prisoners ; though the Doctor had—perhaps deservedly—been subjected at first to some rather tempestuous playfulness.

And now you shall hear the story of Eppelein's great leap for life ; a leap such as, perhaps, no other horse and rider ever took.

There was a certain Jew in Nürnberg, called Elias, who, like Isaac of York, dealt, among other things, in armour and in horses. Now this Jew had for sale a certain matchless horse, said to be the best in all Germany ; but there was one objection to the peerless grey, that is, he was so wild and fierce that no man could mount and ride him. The *Burggraf* wanted the horse, and Eppelein, you may be sure, who could ride any horse, wanted such an one sorely.

Elias sold the horse to the *Burggraf* for twenty gold gulden, but when Eppelein made offers for the steed, a plan of treachery occurred to the cunning Jew, and he offered, for 2,000 gulden, to deliver Eppelein into the hands of the Nürnburgers. The Jew reasoned well, because Eppelein was so fond of a good horse, that he forgot his usual caution. So Elias said he would bring the gallant grey to Forchheim, that Eppelein might see the horse ; and Eppelein went there eagerly and unattended. At Forchheim, Eppelein did not find the horse, but he found an ambush of Nürnberg *Lanzknechte*, who succeeded in seizing Eppelein, and in carrying the great *Raubritter*, securely bound, into Nürnberg ; that is, to certain death. He was borne into the city on the shoulders of the spearmen, and the mob, which had always pictured Eppelein as a kind of terrible devil, was surprised to see a handsome cavalier, gay, confident, bold. Eppelein knew his danger well ; but he kept his wits about him, looked round him (specially at the city walls), and maintained a cheerful, debonair demeanour.

Eppelein was taken before the *Burggraf*, who, with *Bürgermeister*, Rath, patricians, soldiers, and much people about him, sat on horseback in the great wide *Schlossplatz*, or open ground below the *Burg* of Nürnberg.

"Eppelein of Gailingen," said the *Burggraf* sternly, "we have caught you at last ; and for your many misdeeds you must prepare to die the death !"

"*Burggraf*," replied Eppelein gaily, "I love life as well as any man, and I don't think that I shall die to-day."

Then Elias, the Jew, stood forward. With spiteful glee and deep malice, he told the story of his treachery : he claimed the 2,000 gulden, and the payment for his horse.

"Burggraf," said Eppelein, "may I see this horse before I die? I am accounted a good rider, as you know, and it may chance that I could tame a horse that none other can ride!"

"Agreed!" cried the Burggraf. "And you, Eppelein, shall decide whether I am to pay this Jew for a devil's horse that no man can ride. Bring forth the horse!"

And the horse was brought snorting, and stamping, and foaming, into the open space. Several grooms led him, and they were all afraid of him.

Eppelein looked at the grey with a born horseman's joy. Never had he seen such force and fire; such spirit, strength, and speed; and then the creature was so beautiful! "The very horse for me!" thought Eppelein, "and I will have him, too!"

"Mount, if thou darest, Eppelein!" said the Burggraf. "Unbind him, *Knechts*, and lead him to the horse!"

And then they saw a strange thing. Eppelein showed no fear; he patted and stroked the horse, which seemed to know his master, and suffered Eppelein to approach and touch him. In a moment Eppelein had hold of bridle and of mane, and with one vault, he sat firmly in the saddle. The horse neighed, and plunged, and kicked, but Eppelein sat as if the two had been moulded in one casting. Erect and fair, the cavalier kept his seat; and the wild horse, leaping high into the air, in furious bounds, flew round and round in circles, which Eppelein took care to widen. The people drew back, and suddenly Eppelein, seeing the way clear, headed the horse for the city-wall, struck him with the spurs, and at one wild leap cleared wall and moat, and stood safe outside Nürnberg!

The Burggraf could not restrain his admiration; but the astonished soldiers soon rushed to the wall, threw spears and discharged cross-bows at the mocking horseman, who sat, laughing and jeering at them, on the horse that he alone could ride. "I can throw a spear better than you!" cried Eppelein, as he snatched one out of the ground and hurled it through the arm of the Jew Elias. "Burggraf, you need not pay for the horse. I alone can ride him! And you need not pay the Jew for my capture, for I am not captured—I am Eppelein! Adé!"

And he turned and fled like the wind. Never had he felt such a horse beneath him. It was not long before he was safe in Dramaus; having acquired a matchless horse that he alone could master and could use.

And that wild horse became as celebrated throughout Franconia as was his yet wilder rider, Eppelein von Gailingen.

But the traitor Jew came badly off. He was not paid for Eppelein, or for the horse, but he was banished from Nürnberg on pain of death, and fell into the hands of Eppelein.

"You have well deserved death at my hands!" said Eppelein with a dark scowl, "but fear not, Elias, I will be merciful. You shall have

a safe conduct, and a ride into Nürnberg as my messenger. Bring out the wild boar!"

And Eppelein wrote a letter to the Burggraf and tied it to Elias, and the Knechts tied Elias to the wild boar. They prodded the beast with their spears, and drove it toward Nürnberg; and so, amid the loud laughter of the wild followers of the *Raubritter*, Elias, who had caused Eppelein such a desperate ride, began an unpleasant ride on his own account. Arrived in the city, more dead than alive, Elias yet duly delivered Eppelein's letter. The knight of Gailingen stipulated for the Jew's life, but added, that he had more generosity and was a better Christian than the Nürnbergers were, for he had spared the life of a man who had sold *his* life for a price. The letter ended: "You shall soon hear more from Eppelein."

The Rath was sorely perplexed at this threat, but they spared the life of Elias, and the Jew escaped safely to his own people, in Poland, Hungary, or Bohemia. And so Elias vanishes from this history, and the fame of Eppelein von Gailingen, and of his wonderful horse, waxed ever greater in the land.

Love came to Eppelein, as it does to all men. He loved Kunigunde von Wurmstein, the sister of his friend "The Wolf." Kunigunde was of noble birth, was beautiful and high-hearted; but at first she refused Eppelein, saying that his way of life was too dangerous, that she should always be anxious, and might be left an untimely widow. All is fair in love, and Eppelein planned, without changing his way of life, to convince her of his reformation by extracting a marriage-gift from Nürnberg. He wrote his request to the Free City, but the reply was that Nürnberg would not give him a *Spatz*—a sparrow. He replied that if they would not give him a sparrow he would take their singing-birds. He rode disguised into Nürnberg, entered the Treasury, put their portable gold cups and the like into a sack, which he shook and rattled to "make the birds sing," and rode safely off. When Kunigunde received her wedding present, she told Eppelein that if he had yielded to her request she would never have accepted him, that she loved his fame, and admired his life of wild adventure. "Henceforth," said the lady, "your friends are my friends, and your foes are my foes." So they twain married, in great splendour, at Dramaus. They were well suited to each other, and lived very happily. Kunigunde died in a few years, leaving one son, Johannes, who promised to become a second Eppelein, but was killed in fight when quite young, falling with his face to the foe, and with all his wounds in front.

The favourite horse did another great feat. Eppelein was in Nürnberg on some private business connected with a merry mock at the Rath, when, as he rode out, he was recognised. Seventy-two *Lanzknechts*, under their captain, sat ready mounted in the market-place, and were sent in hot pursuit after Eppelein. Then there was galloping! Eppelein flew by the St. Lorenz Church, and out of the *Frauenthor*, with

the Nürnberg riders in full chase after him. Many a Nürnberg horse broke down and dropped out of the race, but Eppelein's grey flew as if he would never tire. Before Eppelein lay the Main, wide and swollen, in flood. He did not hesitate, but leaped the grey into the fierce current. Never heavier man and horse stemmed a swollen river's course; but while the spearmen stood watching on the one bank, Eppelein reached the other bank safely, dismounted, lay down on his back, and mocked the baffled Nürnbergers with many a merry jibe. Eppelein was so pleased with the noble horse to which he owed this escape that he had a gold bridle made for the steed, and washed its hoofs daily in wine.

I could—but cannot for want of space—tell you many more exploits of this famous knight. Once he preached in Nürnberg, and when he told the congregation at last who he was, they found all the church doors shut, and could not catch him. Then Nürnberg, when Eppelein was away, turned out with all its force and tried to burn Trameysl. Eppelein returned in time, though with but a small force, and beat back the Nürnbergers with great bloodshed. They had, however, burned down a part of the Castle, and but for the peasants, who loved “Eppa-Gaila,” would have wholly destroyed Dramaus. Eppelein threatened revenge, and he always kept his word. During a mighty tempest of great wind he set fire to Nürnberg, and burned down 400 houses. It happened, in 1343, that Nürnberg was visited with the “Black Death,” and with a terrible dearth and famine. The people were dying miserably of sickness and of starvation, so that it was piteous to see and hear of. Now there was a certain usurer who had bought great stores of corn, which he held back that he might sell his stock at an enormous profit when the poor people should be driven by hunger to pay any price. Had Eppelein known anything of political economy he would have recognised that such dealing was a natural and beautiful transaction; but he was ignorant of the “dismal science,” and what he did was this. First he himself warned the usurer, who denied having any corn, but when, a few days later, the usurer thought it safe to drive his corn to Nürnberg to market, Eppelein's riders seized the cargo and gave it away to the poor, starving people, who, indeed, loved “Eppa-Gaila” well—better than they loved Burggraf, or Bürgermeister, or Rath. He interfered once to make the course of true love run smooth. An old man, one Muffel, who was very rich, had got the consent of the parents of a pretty girl, and the marriage was being forced on. Now this girl loved, and was loved by, a nice young fellow, and Eppelein interfered to help the lovers. He so frightened old Muffel that the hunks gave up the girl, and the young lovers were happily married.

Once when Eppelein was in Nürnberg, a rumour got abroad that he was in the city. All the gates were closed, and a mounted band was got ready in hot haste to pursue. While they were preparing, Eppelein went and took one of those peculiar baths which were then held to be

good for the liver. As the riders went forth Eppelein rode with them, and when they got sufficiently far away he turned to them and said : "O you dullards ! Why don't you catch the poor soul ? The bath has done me good, and I am minded to gallop. Do you know him when you see him ? No ! Well, I am Eppelein !" and he turned and fled like the wind. "They'll have fleet steeds that follow, quoth young Lochinvar." And the riders did *not* catch Eppelein, who arrived, laughing, at Dramaus, after a healthy gallop, which, no doubt, assisted the action of the bath.

When the troubles in Nürnberg were at their height, the poor people, maddened by misery and wasting with sickness, got hold of the idea that the Jews had poisoned the wells, and then began a cruel persecution of the unhappy Israelites. Eppelein, I grieve to say, inflamed popular passions against his old enemies the Jews, and he is partly to be blamed for the ill-treatment to which they were subjected. One day, riding near the city, Eppelein saw an unhappy Jew, one Jäcklein, followed by some citizens who wished to ill-use, or perhaps kill the Hebrew. Moved by some impulse of pity, Eppelein interfered. "Now that I have saved you, what will you do ?" asked Eppelein, and Jäcklein begged frantically to be allowed to enter into the knight's service, and to live and die there. Something in the man's manner touched Eppelein, who trusted in the Jew and granted his request. Jäcklein was found astute and active ; he was always eager and bitter whenever anything was to be done to injure or insult Nürnberg.

Ah ! there is so much to tell—and yet I must leave so much untold. It is pain and grief to me to have to pass over so many things in silence ; but I must just tell you of the meeting between the Kaiser and Eppelein.

On the occasion of the Burggraf's marriage, Karl IV. honoured the nuptials with his presence, and there were great feastings, and mumblings, and maskings, and Eppelein, you may be sure, in good disguise, was one of the gayest there. He rode in the cavalcade, and rode so well, "witching the world with noble horsemanship," that people cried : "Why, that cavalier rides like Eppelein !" And the bride said to him : "How I should like to see that brave Eppelein !" and he replied : "Fair lady, you shall see Eppelein, that I promise you. But you may see him and yet not know that it is Eppelein. Remember what I have said to you !"

The bride dropped her glove, and Eppelein, returning it to her with knightly grace, asked her to ask the Emperor to grant him two favours. She consented, and she asked the Emperor to do what the courteous stranger demanded, and Karl readily promised to do as the bride wished. Thereupon Eppelein and the Emperor talked long together, and Karl was charmed with Eppelein's bright, bold wit. Then Eppelein preferred his first request ; it was that Karl would give a gold gulden to Hans von Lobenstein.

The Emperor laughed loud and long. "Thou art a nobleman, though it may be a poor one," said Karl. "The gold gulden shall be paid; but yet I have a mind to lay thee in the tower for thine audacious talk and bold request."

But the Emperor could not do this, because he had given his royal word for the stranger's safety. So Eppelein bowed and vanished, and shortly after the Chamberlain handed to the Kaiser a letter. It was from Eppelein, who said that a good *Knecht* should always, so far as possible, imitate his master; that he did, so far as he could, imitate his Emperor, who pawned and pledged cities and towns, took spoil, and sack, and plunder wherever he could seize them. The writer did the same thing also. He had pawned Nürnberg to Hans von Lobenstein for a gold gulden, and was, for the information of the Kaiser and the bride—EPPELEIN. Karl laughed rather grimly, but the fair lady knew that she had seen Eppelein without knowing that he was Eppelein, and she thought with pleasure of the stately figure and bright face of the renowned robber-knight.

This Jäcklein was a Jew, who was consumed with a fierce hatred of the oppressors of his race. He used Eppelein to obtain vengeance upon the Nürnbergers, and he meant then to use Nürnberg to be revenged upon Eppelein. He was the second Jew—Elias was the first—who treacherously sought to betray the *Raubritter*.

One day Jäcklein stabbed Eppelein's favourite horse, took another from the stables, and on it rode into Nürnberg, and proposed a plan for Eppelein's capture. The Rath listened to him and trusted him, so great was Nürnberg's hatred and dread of Eppelein.

Jäcklein denounced all Eppelein's adherents in the city, and these unfortunate persons disappeared into the *Froschthurm*. At the cold feet of the Iron Virgin yawned a deep and dark oubliette. . . .

Eppelein was beside himself with rage, and swore to have the life of the traitor Jäcklein. The Jew meanwhile vanished from the city, and the Rath began to suspect his honesty.

One day a man rushed into Nürnberg calling out that Eppelein was taken! What had really happened was this. Jäcklein caused it to be intimated to Eppelein that he, the Jew, was hidden in a certain village. Eppelein called for his horse, and with the two Bernheimers and four *Knechts*, rode off at once, bent blindly upon vengeance.

Arrived at the village, Eppelein and his followers rode straight to the inn in which they expected to find Jäcklein. The landlord, who was in the plot, asked them to hide themselves in the house till Jäcklein, who was looked for every minute, should arrive.

So Eppelein fell into the wily Jew's snare.

While the Bernheimers and Eppelein sat drinking in the inn, crowds of armed men gathered round the house, and they drew up nine waggons across the front of the door.

Eppelein heard the sound and hum of a mass of men, and he soon

became aware of the trap laid for him. The Bernheimers and the four Knechts tried to escape by the back of the house, but they were surrounded by numbers and made prisoners.

Eppelein mounted his horse—not, alas! *the* grey—and issued forth alone by the front gateway of the inn. The great crowd, which bristled with spears and swords, raised a shout when they saw the terrible Eppelein appear mounted before them. He saw his danger at a glance. Crying out “Freedom or death! You shall not easily take Eppelein!” he put his horse at the waggons, hoping to cut his way through his foes. The horse sprang over eight of the waggons, but could not clear the ninth, and crashed down upon the pile. Then Eppelein on foot, with only his sword, stood facing that host of enemies. They wanted to take him alive; he wished to die if he could not escape.

The fight—Eppelein’s last fight—began. This man, alone amongst that crowd of enemies, did prodigies of valour. He is said to have killed or mortally wounded twenty of his foes, but the fight was a fight of utter desperation: he fought, not for life, but for death, and the odds against him were too terrible. He was borne down, seized and bound, and carried away to Neumarkt.

In the fight Eppelein had cloven Jäcklein through the skull. The fanatic of revenge perished by the sword of the master he had betrayed.

The long career of success had come to a violent end. The *Raub-ritter* were condemned to die; and on a fair summer morning, Eppelein and the two Bernheimers stood upon the high scaffold in the marketplace of Neumarkt. An enormous crowd raised upturned faces to the lofty platform. Nürnberg was defrauded of its show, and Neumarkt rejoiced in the horrible spectacle.

The Bernheimers perished first, by the shearing sweep of the headsmen’s broad blade, and then Eppelein was broken alive on or by the wheel. He refused the services of a priest. In his day of pride and power he had always been wont to say that “a man should live as a free and mighty hero, and should die without fear.” He had laboured to live up to his theorem of life, and he certainly bore his death of slow agony with the calmest courage.

When the head was gone the members were no longer dangerous. Wolf von Wurmstein succeeded to the command, but the dreaded band, which Eppelein had led so long and so successfully, soon melted away. Some perished by the sword of the foeman, others by the sword of the headsmen. Many disappeared, and the highways of Franconia were freed from the terror of the great robber band.

So ended the wild life of the chivalrous criminal, of the most renowned robber-knight, EPPELEIN VON GAILINGEN.

H. S.

The Regicides of this Century.

KINGS and Emperors have been so many since the world began to form itself into states, and they have naturally had so many enemies, that one is inclined to marvel that so few of them should have perished by assassination. There have always been occasions of which a determined man could approach the person of the best guarded monarch; and so the fact that sovereigns are generally well protected has little to do with their comparative immunity. But it is noticeable that attempts against rulers are usually made when society is in a perturbed state, and the popular respect for supreme authority has got weakened. Thus feeble-handed or well-meaning potentates who sought the good of their subjects, have been more exposed to criminal assaults than downright tyrants; and it is very seldom that the murderer of one of them has in any way benefited the popular cause. It may be suspected that most regicides have been madmen; on no other supposition can one explain the habitual short-sightedness of their calculations. Louis Philippe, of France, had his life attempted nineteen times. He was a good-natured, constitutional king, who had no power to harm a soul even had he wished to do so, which he did not; and he had a large family of grown-up sons, who were all popular, so that if he had been killed, the sceptre would have passed into younger and stronger hands than his at once. There was no sense in endeavouring to take the life of such a man. His assailants must unquestionably have been persons of weak or crooked intellect; and one may say the same of Hædel, Nobiling, and Passanante, who within the last two years lifted up their hands against the Emperor of Germany and the King of Italy. The death of William I. could have done the Socialists no sort of good, and that of Humbert I. would not have advanced the cause either of Republicanism or of Clericalism in Italy. The case is somewhat different with regard to Alexander II. of Russia and Alphonso of Spain, who stand in much the same position as Napoleon III. did in France. The head of the Bonaparte dynasty was looked upon as the incarnation of a political system. If he had been killed by the Orsini bombs in 1858, the Empire would have collapsed with him; and so, if Alphonso were to fall before having an heir of age to succeed him, his kingdom would become a prey to all the adventurers who have something to expect from civil war. As to the Czar, the Nihilists are probably wrong in supposing that there would be any vital change in the form of government if the crown were to change hands; but there is room for doubt on the subject, so, if they be mad, there is at least a method in their criminal folly.

The first year of the nineteenth century was marked by an attempt on the life of General Bonaparte, who was then First Consul. Two Italians, named Arena and Gerachi, sought to kill him on December 24, 1800, with an infernal machine as he was returning to Paris from St. Cloud. This is the first time we hear of infernal machines. Arena and his comrade had constructed theirs by placing a box charged with explosive materials on either side of the road, and connecting the two boxes by means of a wire, which, when touched by the horses of the First Consul's carriage, was to pull the triggers of two pistols loaded with tinder, and thereby set fire to the explosive stuff. The blow-up occurred as had been expected, and one of the postilions was wounded; but Bonaparte himself escaped without a scratch. His life was twice tried after that, in February 1804 by George Cadoudal and some other Bretons, who threw some grenades under his carriage as he was leaving the Cour du Carrousel in the Tuileries; and on October 23, 1809, by a student named Staaps, who endeavoured to stab him in the garden of the Emperor of Austria's palace at Schoenbrunn. There were many other conspiracies against the Emperor's days, but they were all discovered by the police, and their authors sent to the scaffold or the galleys. Napoleon I. was too much a fatalist to care for assassins, and it is said that even after the attempt of Cadoudal, when he had a very narrow escape, he remained quite unmoved, remarking that he had his appointed work to do, and should not fall till he had done. Considering that Napoleon was an autocrat of the hardest type, and that as a conqueror he had humiliated almost every nation on the Continent, it is not surprising that he should have had a large number of desperate foes; but it is noticeable that the chief attempts on his life were made at a time when his throne was not yet securely established. So long as he was regarded as the master of the world, the awe which he inspired was universal, and murderers seem to have been afraid to strike him.

It would be difficult to explain why assassins almost always fail in their attacks upon rulers. If, as Scott says, "a sinful heart makes feeble hand," we have a reason; but it is not the less remarkable that infernal machines, pistols aimed almost point-blank, and poignards wielded by the hands of men who do not seem to be poltroons, should so generally miss their marks. The conspirators who assassinated the Emperor Paul of Russia on March 11, 1801, went to work in a way that precluded the possibility of failure. They surprised him in his bedroom at night and strangled him with a towel. The high rank of the conspirators, the number of them, and the determination with which they were animated, gave the unhappy Czar no chance. A sentinel who endeavoured to raise the alarm was overcome and disarmed; another who was on guard outside the Czar's room was killed; a page who stood in the way was hurled over some balusters. The murderers acted like men who felt that they were bound to succeed or to die; and they were nerved by the consciousness that the Czar's heir—the future Alex-

ander I.—was at heart with them, so that if they succeeded they would not be punished. Besides, Paul II. was a monomaniac who had no friends. The people despised and hated him; the army had no respect for him; and, to make matters worse, the Czar's overt admiration for France and General Bonaparte was regarded as politically detrimental to the interests of Russia by the boyards, who favoured the English alliance. The Russians themselves pretend that the English ambassador had knowledge of the plot against Paul's life, and tacitly abetted it. However this may be, the assassination of the unfortunate Czar cannot be looked upon as an ordinary case of regicide, it was rather a political execution decreed by a *Vehmgericht*, which numbered scores of the leading nobles of the empire.

From 1809, when Napoleon was assaulted at Schoenbrunn, until 1832, when the life of the Emperor Ferdinand of Austria was attempted at Baden, the ruling potentates of this earth lived unmolested. In the meantime, however, the Duke de Berry, eldest son of the Count d'Artois, heir-apparent to the French throne, had been assassinated on the steps of the opera-house by the Republican fanatic Louvel (who plunged a knife between his shoulders), and this murder is believed by some historians to have had a fatal effect in shaking the Bourbon dynasty. It is doubtful, however, whether, had the prince lived until 1830, he could have helped to avert the revolution which took place in that year. He was a kindly disposed prince, but frivolous and headstrong, and it is not likely that he would have opposed the issuing of those dictatorial "Ordnances" against the liberty of the press which cost Charles X. his throne, and led to the accession of the Duke of Orleans, under the name of Louis Philippe.

Louis Philippe, as already said, had his life tried nineteen times. The most famous of the attempts against him was that made by the Corsican Fieschi, in 1835, by means of an infernal machine composed of a number of gun-barrels. This dastardly outrage, committed in broad daylight, while the King was holding a review, resulted in the death of Marshal Mortier and of twelve other persons. Fieschi is suspected to have been the mere hireling instrument of a Republican faction; but he went stoically to the guillotine without having betrayed any of his accomplices. A private soldier named Alibaud, one Darmes, a mechanic, Meunier, a merchant's clerk, Lecomte, a gamekeeper, and Henry, a crack-brained manufacturer, were amongst the other scoundrels who at different times essayed to kill the most peaceable monarch France ever had. Louis Philippe had grown so accustomed to be shot at, that he used to return to the Tuileries after each new attempt in a perfectly composed frame of mind and ready for his evening's work. The anxiety of his family and his ministers were, however, of course very great, and towards the close of his reign he never showed himself in public without a formidable escort of soldiers. By way of taking exercise, he was reduced to walking in the parks of his two favourite châteaux at Neuilly, near Paris, and Eu, in the

neighbourhood of Dieppe. Nobody could get near him at either of these two places, and it is not surprising that he spent more of his time in them than in any of the other royal residences.

During Louis Philippe's reign, and the four following years, attempts were made upon the life of Queen Victoria by Oxford in 1840, and by a workman named Francis in 1842; upon the King of Prussia, Frederick William IV., in 1844, and again in 1850; upon the present Emperor of Germany, then military commander of Coblenz, in 1849; and upon Isabella, Queen of Spain, in 1852. None of these attempts succeeded. Oxford, who shot at Queen Victoria while she was passing on Constitution Hill, was clearly a lunatic, and was consigned to Bedlam as such. He remained there about twenty-five years, and whilst in confinement showed himself invariably rational, working industriously as a carpenter, and expressing his deep remorse whenever he was questioned about what he termed his "wicked piece of foolery." Oxford is alive still, but he is residing out of England. Not so Francis, the carpenter, who assaulted the Queen in 1842, and made a large wale on her face. This man died shortly after he had been lodged in St. Luke's Bethlehem. He was unquestionably mad. Nevertheless, after his offence, Parliament passed a Bill enacting that flogging should be inflicted in future upon any one seeking to inflict bodily harm upon the Queen, or to threaten her. It was by virtue of this Act that the young fool O'Connor, who levelled a pistol at the Queen in 1869, was sentenced to be imprisoned for a year, and to receive twenty strokes with a birch. The Queen kindly remitted the whole punishment, and caused the boy to be supplied with funds that he might emigrate to Australia. But within less than a year after he had been shipped off to Southampton, O'Connor returned to England, and was found prowling within the precincts of Buckingham Palace at night, evidently with evil intent. This time he was certified to be out of his mind, and was sent to an asylum, where he remained under treatment four years. He is believed now to be in New Zealand.

The persons of queens ought, by reason of their sex, to be more sacred than those of kings; yet Isabella of Spain, like her royal sister of England, had her life attempted twice. In 1852, while she was attending mass in the Cathedral of Atrocha, at Madrid, a man called Martin Marinos endeavoured to stab her, and would have succeeded, but for the interposition of an officer, who, rushing forward, received the blow on his arm. So violently had the blow been dealt, that the stiletto completely transixed the officer's biceps muscles, and could with difficulty be extracted. The Queen, when she saw the blood flow, swooned; but the officer, with true Castilian gallantry, borrowed a cloak to hide his wound, and, though faint with pain, claimed the honour of leading Her Majesty back to her carriage. Isabella, before parting from him, made him a knight of her order of "Isabella the Catholic," and appointed him to be one of her aides-de-camp. Four years after this, in May 1856, the Queen of Spain was shot at while driving through the streets of Madrid.

A peculiarity about this attempt was that the bullet intended for the Queen passed clean through the two windows of her carriage, shattered the plate-glass front of an engraver's shop, and pierced a portrait of Her Majesty that was displayed for sale in the window. This portrait was purchased by the Queen for 40*l.*, and, magnificently framed in gold, was presented by her as a thank-offering to the chapel of the Convent of Maria de las Misericordias.

From Spain we may return to France, where Napoleon III. was reigning. It was in 1852 that this sovereign's life was tried for the first time; and another attempt was made upon it by a Radical shoemaker in 1853. This year—1853—was prolific in regicidal outrages, for a traitor called Libenyi tried in February to murder the Emperor Francis Joseph at Vienna, whilst in March a soldier sought to dispose of the reigning Duke of Parma, Charles III. Three years passed now without any more crimes of this sort; but in 1856 Napoleon III. was twice put in peril of his life, both his aggressors (Pianori and Bellamare) being Italians. It is said that after the attempt of Bellamare the Emperor took to wearing a shirt of mail under his linen. It was not, however, until after the fearful enterprise of Orsini, on January 14, 1858, that he got to be so seriously unnerved as to live in constant dread of assassination. Count Felice Orsini was not a mere vulgar fanatic, but a gentleman by birth, education, and fortune. An ardent patriot, and a partisan of the unification of Italy, his grudge against Napoleon III. was that the latter, when a political refugee in Italy, had joined a Freemasonic lodge, and sworn certain oaths which, by-and-by, as Emperor, he had neglected to fulfil. Principally as regards Rome, Orsini was furious at seeing the temporal power of the Pope maintained by a French garrison of 18,000 men; and two years before attempting Napoleon's life he wrote anonymously to warn him that the Carbonaro lodges had decreed his death, and that the sentence would infallibly be carried out if the Imperial policy towards Italy were not altered. Had Count Orsini's accomplices—Pierri, Rudio, and Gomez—been men of his mettle and determination, the attempt against Napoleon on the night of January 14, 1858, must have been crowned with success; but they were poor, ignorant cravens, who did their work for pay, not from conviction, and their hearts failed them at the critical moment. Each of them had been provided with two explosible shells, which were to be thrown under the Emperor's carriage as it drove up to the Opera. Orsini threw his two shells, and Pierri one, but the other two men ran off in a fright when they heard the first explosion. The damage done by the shells was ghastly. Five people were killed outright, and nine wounded; all the soldiers of the mounted escort were bruised or scratched; the Emperor's coachman fell off his box stunned on to the carcase of one of his horses, who lay dead; and one of the footmen was blown twenty yards off, with his skull battered in. Meanwhile hundreds of panes of glass in the street had been smashed, all the gas-lamps were extinguished, and in the darkness there

resounded an appalling tumult of plunging horses and shrieking women. Lanterns and torches had to be brought out of the Opera, and then it was seen that the Imperial coach was a complete wreck. How the Emperor and Empress managed to escape, with not so much as a singed hair or a cut finger, is nothing short of marvellous. Apparently not daunted in the least by what had happened, the Empress said to the Emperor, "We must go into the house to show them we are not afraid," and a few minutes later the entry of the Imperial couple into their box became the signal for a magnificent ovation, all the spectators rising *en masse* and cheering to the echo.

Nevertheless, from this time Napoleon III. was an altered man. In the following year he undertook the war against Austria, for the liberation of Italy, and ever afterwards he went in fear of his life. Not a coward's fear, for he was a thoroughly brave man, but a fear which the French call *crainte raisonnée*. He expected to be murdered, and took the minutest precautions to ensure that the Government should be carried on by a strong regency in case of his demise. He never went out without leaving directions as to where the latest copy of his will was to be found; and at times, when he was in low spirits, he used to say that he had dreamed he should be assassinated within such and such a time. During the remainder of his reign, all Italians visiting France were required to exhibit passports; and if not persons of undoubted respectability, were closely watched till an excuse was found for expelling them from the country. In despite of these precautions, Napoleon's life was again attempted, by an Italian, in 1863; whilst in 1866 three other intriguers of Orsini's interesting country—Greco, Trabuco, and Imperatore—entered into a murderous plot against his life, which was happily nipped in the bud by the police. There is said to have been another and more mysterious attempt against the Emperor, of which the public heard nothing, except by rumour. A gamekeeper, of the forest of Compiègne, shot at His Majesty while the latter was engaged in a pleasant *battue*; but one of the equerries in attendance on Napoleon discharged both the barrels of his breach-loader into the head of the murderer, and killed him on the spot. So the story runs; but whether it be a true one or not, will probably never be known till some of the secret memoirs of the Imperial era come to light.

During Napoleon III.'s reign there were attempts against King William of Prussia, in 1861, and against the Viceroy of Egypt, in 1869; whilst in 1865 Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, was murdered in the theatre of Washington, as he was attending a performance of *Our American Cousin*. This calamitous event was followed by what some consider as the judicial murder of the Emperor Maximilian, at Queretaro, in 1867, and by the assassination of Prince Michael of Serbia, at Belgrade, in 1868. In the meantime the Emperor Alexander II. of Russia had been twice exposed to criminal enterprises—once in St. Petersburg, when he was shot at by a man named Korakasow,

and the second time in the Bois de Boulogne of Paris, when he narrowly missed extinction at the hands of Berezowski, a young Polish refugee. But these attempts against the Czar are so closely interwoven with events of the present day that they must be mentioned in fuller detail.

It was to a peasant named Kommissarow that the Czar was believed to have owed his safety when Korakasow fired at him in 1866, but some say that Kommissarow fainted with emotion on hearing the shot, and that it was a woman who first raised the cry that he had stepped forward and arrested the assassin's arm. Anyhow the lucky peasant was loaded with honours and presents. The Czar gave him the title of baron, a palace, an income; and would doubtless have kept him in lasting favour had not this alleged preserver turned out to be a brute addicted to drink, so that he had to be disposed of at length by being sent as lieutenant into a regiment campaigning in the Caucasus, where he is said to have died soon afterwards. As for Korakasow, he was sent to Siberia, and may be working in the mines there to this day for aught that is known to the contrary. The Czar was rather surprised than upset by this man's attempt on his life, for Nihilism had not yet begun to ferment in the land, and Korakasow was looked upon as an isolated madman; but in the following year Berezowski's attempt gave Alexander II. infinite pain. The Emperors of Russia and France were returning together from a review in the Bois de Boulogne when Berezowski—a lad of twenty—stepped forward and discharged both barrels of a pistol at once at their barouche. The pistol exploded and wounded the assassin, but it was not this that saved the life of the Czar. M. Rambaud, an equerry who was riding beside the carriage, happened to see the pistol aimed, and spurred his horse forward just in time to intercept the bullets; indeed, the blood of the wounded charger was sprinkled over the Czarewitch, and made Napoleon III. imagine for a moment that this young prince had been wounded.

It turned out, when Berezowski was put upon his trial, that his father and a brother had been exiled to Siberia for participation in the Polish rebellion of 1863, and this fact saved him from the guillotine. The jury at the Seine assizes tempered their verdict of "guilty" with the finding of "extenuating circumstances," and the prisoner was sentenced to be transported to New Caledonia. Whether he is there now is not exactly known to the public, for one of the first acts of the Government of National Defence in 1870 was to grant him a pardon; and though this act of grace was subsequently cancelled by M. Thiers, some say that Berezowski had already been liberated when the order for detaining him arrived. Others say that Berezowski escaped from Noumea in 1871; others again allege that he died in 1872. Altogether a mystery hangs over the fate of this young man, whom the French Government profess to be still holding in durance.

Berezowski's crime did his fellow-countrymen, the Poles, an immense

deal of mischief. The iron grasp of their Russian rulers was tightened upon them from that time, and various merciful concessions which had been wrung from the Czar's pity for their nation were withdrawn. Probably it will transpire in time that the recent Nihilist outrages have had an equally pernicious effect in checking the Liberal progress of Russian institutions. The attempt of Solowiew in 1879, the explosion on the Moscow railway, and the attempted blowing up of the Winter Palace in the present year, are crimes of a sort which either drive an autocrat mad with panic or else harden him. In any case they cannot be favourable to the cause of the misguided factions who are responsible for them. Russia can, no more than any other state, civilise itself by murder.

A passing allusion has been made to the attempts of Nobiling and Hödel on the Emperor of Germany; to that of Passanante on King Humbert; and to those of Moncasi and Ottero on the King of Spain. It will be remembered that in 1872 a cowardly endeavour was made to blow up the carriage that contained King Alphonso's predecessor, King Amadeo, and the latter's gentle queen, who was at the time in very weak health, and who died soon afterwards. Amadeo abdicated shortly after this occurrence, and left the unfortunate kingdom, which he had so honestly essayed to govern, to be ruled by the present sovereign, who, at the time of his accession, was a boy of eighteen. Alphonso, though young, has exhibited all the nerve and temper of middle age in facing the perils by which he is—and must continue for a long time to be—surrounded. He is quite conscious of standing in a most critical position; but he has faith in his star, and it must be hoped, for the credit of humanity, that he will be allowed to finish in peace and honour, and in the full ripeness of age, a reign which he began well, and which he is carrying on with courage.

One must add two Presidents of South American Republics to the list of rulers who have recently fallen victims to political zealotry. Don Gabriel Garcia Morenos, President of Ecuador, was assassinated in 1875; and Don B. Gill, President of Paraguay, perished in 1877 under similar circumstances. Of the attempts at assassination perpetrated in the Spanish Republics of America—in Mexico, Chili, Peru, and elsewhere—it would be invidious to speak. They are too numerous. The newspapers bring us accounts of new ones by almost every mail; and one can only marvel that any sensible man should be found to accept the presidential functions in these extraordinary countries, where a ruler seems to be looked upon as a living target at whom aspirant politicians are privileged to shoot without running the risk of being disgraced as murderers if they succeed in hitting him.

Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy."

DR. JOHNSON is not generally supposed to have erred as a critic on the side of excessive approbation. And yet he managed to bestow upon one book the most forcible eulogium ever uttered. Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* was, he said, the only book which ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he intended. The compliment is always reproduced when Burton's book is mentioned. Second-hand booksellers judiciously quote it in their catalogues to stimulate the appetite of their customers. Every lover of books has been induced to prolong his evening sitting, sometimes to prolong it till daylight, by the charms of a fascinating author; but the most voracious of literary gluttons seldom breaks his morning slumbers under such an impulse. And when we add that it was Johnson who was thus beguiled, Johnson whose whole life was a continuous remorse for inability to rise early, when we see that Burton must have done for once what could be done neither by strong religious principles, nor by a morbidly keen conscience, nor by the pressure of stern necessity, and what the united energies of Boswell and the Thrales and the whole of the Club would have failed in securing, we must admit that the performance borders on the incredible. Doubtless it was the youthful Johnson whose slumbers he disturbed; and it was after the scanty fare of Lichfield, not the solid festivities of the "Mitre" or the "Turk's Head." With all deductions, we are still in presence of a "great fact." Many a young student must have turned with avidity to the promised treat, and a good many have probably retreated in disappointment. For, at first sight, the reader becomes aware of the curious mildness of another phrase of Johnson's; the book, he said, is "perhaps overloaded with quotations." That is rather like saying that *Pickwick* may "perhaps" be regarded as aiming at fun; that there is possibly a dash of humour in Charles Lamb; or that Pope may be accused of a tendency to satire. The *Anatomy* is all but made up of quotations; it is, as the author expressly says, a "cento collected from others;" a vast heterogeneous mass of miscellaneous reading; the contents of a commonplace book kept by a reader of boundless curiosity who has ranged over the whole field of learning then accessible, from the classical authors down through the fathers and the scholastic philosophers of the Middle Ages, to the grammarians, philosophers, physiologists and novelists of the Renaissance, and who has dipped into the most fashionable playbooks, poems, and essays of the day—Montaigne, Bacon, Spenser, Drayton, and even Ben Jonson and Shakspeare.* It is a

* Shakspeare is noticed at least twice; in a reference to Benedick and Beatrice in the Comedy, and a quotation from *Venus and Adonis*.

patchwork stuck together with scissors and paste, a queer amorphous mass, in spite of its ostensible plan, where we are half-baffled and half-attracted by references to strange authors who delighted in masquerading with Latin terminations to their names. We have heard more or less of some of them, of Bodinus and Paracelsus, or Cardan, or Erasmus; but who, we wonder, was Rlasis the Arabian, or Skenkius, or Poggius, or Fuchsius, or Busbequius*—a name which has no doubt a peculiar flavour of pleasant quaintness? Such names carry with them a faint association of the days of high-built and ponderous pedantry; we catch a passing glimpse of some ancient doctor damning another for his theory of the irregular verbs, or settling the theory of the enclitic *δε*, or conducting tremendous disputations in the schools with all the ponderous apparatus of the old syllogistic artillery. Yet it is possible to have too much of Busbequius; and, after dipping into the book, in search of that spirit and power which he is said (still by Johnson) to display when writing from his own mind, it is well if we do not give up the chase in despair, and decide that it is hardly worth cracking so vast a shell of effete pedantry to come at so small a kernel of sound sense.

It is well, I say; for after all there is a real charm in the old gentleman. Certainly the *Anatomy* is not a book to be read through; it would have no place in the short list of literary masterpieces which the intelligent reader is supposed to absorb into his mental structure. It is a book for odds and ends of time, and to be read only at appropriate seasons; not, perhaps, in a railway carriage or by the seaside, or in any place where the roaring wheels of our social machinery make themselves too plainly heard. It is rather a book to be taken up in a quiet library, by accident, not of malice prepense, and, in spite of Johnson, rather in the last hour of the night than at morning. When you are tired of blue-books or scientific wrangling or metaphysical hair-splitting; when you have turned to the last book from the circulating library only to discover that novel-writing is a forgotten art; that poetry has become a frivolous echo of sounding verbiage; that the smartest magazine article is a mere pert gabble of commonplace—jaundiced views which sometimes suggest themselves on such occasions—it may be pleasant to soothe yourself by entering this old museum of musty antiquities, and to feel as though you were entering a forgotten chamber where the skeletons of seventeenth-century spiders are still poised upon undisturbed cobwebs. The phantoms of Busbequius and his fellows may then have substantiality enough to hold converse with you for a time, and you gradually perceive that old Burton himself probably once filled an academical costume with

* Busbecq, or Busbequius, was in fact a distinguished diplomatist in the sixteenth century; he went to Constantinople and wrote travels, and, according to the *Biographie Universelle*, was the first to introduce the lilac from Turkey. There is a full article about him in Bayle. Possibly his name has a scholastic flavour to us from a vague association with the famous Dr. Busby.

a genuine structure of flesh and bone. Carefully as he retires behind his moth-eaten folios, there are moments when he drops his disguise, and you can depict the quaint smile of the humorous observer of men and manners, and believe that he had in his days a genuine share of the pathetic side of human folly. Nobody, it is true, is more provokingly shy. It is the shyness of the genuine old-fashioned scholar, who is half-ashamed of possessing tissues not made out of an ancient parchment. You ask him for an opinion, and he throws a dozen authorities at your head and effects his escape into an ingenious digression; he balances himself in curious equilibrium between the ranks of opposing doctors, and only lets slip at intervals an oblique intimation that he is inclined to think that one of them is a donkey. In all this he is certainly as different as possible from the ordinary humourist. He requires an interpreter, and must be cross-examined to make him yield up his real meaning; and yet, under all his concealments, he has a certain vein of shrewd humour which may at least serve to excite such a portion of that faculty as we may ourselves happen to possess.

Burton, in his opening address to the reader, sets forth his claims to the title of Democritus junior; and he tells at length the legend of the laughing philosopher; how the citizens of Abdera took him to be mad by reason of his excessive perception of the ludicrous, and brought the weeping Hippocrates to cure him of his folly; how Hippocrates found him sitting on the ground cutting up beasts to find out the causes of melancholy; and how, when Hippocrates tried to point out that reasonable citizens employed themselves upon business or pleasure instead of dissection, Democritus answered every argument by peals of laughter and demonstrations of the utter absurdity of all the ordinary activities of man. So clearly did Democritus preach upon the old text, *Vanity of Vanities*, that Hippocrates departed with the fullest conviction of his sanity. Burton proposes to continue the discourse of Democritus. Never, he says, was there so much food for laughter as now; for now, "as Salisburiensis says in his time, *totus mundus histrionem agit*, the whole world plays the fool; we have a new theatre, a new scene, a new comedy of errors, a new company of personate actors; *Volupia sacra* (as Calcagnius willingly feigns in his *Apologus*) are celebrated all the world over, when all the actors were madmen or fools, and every hour changed habits, or took that which came next." The world is a farce; princes are mad; great men are mad; philosophers and scholars are mad, and so are those who scorn them. "Methinks," he says, "most men are fools," if we may apply the judicious tests given by Æneas Sylvius. "Nevisanus, the lawyer, holds it for an axiom, most women are fools; Seneca, men, be they old or young; who doubts it, youth is mad as Elius in Tully, *stulti adolescentuli*; old age little better, *deliri senes*." And, after running through as many classes as he can think of, Burton confesses that he is himself as foolish and as mad as any one. We are tolerably familiar with the theory, "All the

world is a stage," and the players are "mostly fools." Satirists and poets and moralists and essayists have set the same sentiment to different times; and it is the special function of the humourist to give fresh edge to the ancient doctrine. Burton has certainly chosen a thesis which affords ample room for the widest illustration; and we have only to ask how he acquits himself of his task.

And here we perceive that he begins to shrink a little. Some people, he says, will think his performance "too fantastical, too light and comical for a divine;" and he replies that he is only speaking an assumed part, and collecting the opinions of others. "'Tis not I, but they that say it." You must blame Nevisanus and Calcagnius for the startling theory just expounded, not the Rev. Richard Burton, student of Christ Church, and Rector of Segrave. He trembles at his own audacity, and retires behind his mask. And, as he carries out this principle only too systematically, he is a humourist only by proxy. He does not let us see what he feels himself; he is not a mere buffoon, for we are not sure that he has no serious meaning; but he does not rise to be a daring humourist, for he is afraid ever to laugh out. We often fail to discover whether he is slyly laughing in his sleeve or advancing some preposterous doctrine in honest reverence for the authority upon which it rests; whether his elaborate pedantry is really part of himself or a mere mask which he knows to be really grotesque. We follow Montaigne with the sense that we are talking to a man of vigorous intellect, who reads books as they ought to be read by a full-grown thinker; who treats them as an equal or a superior; and quotes them to illustrate his own thoughts, not as providing unalterable moulds to which his thoughts are bound to conform. But that is just the point which Burton leaves doubtful. Is he really half in fun when he quotes a dozen learned men to prove that disease or poverty may be a cause of melancholy; or is he distinctly aware that the learned men are indulging in ludicrous platitudes; or perhaps simply turning out his commonplace book to show his learning?

That is the curious problem which haunts us through the whole performance. The man was no doubt a puzzle to his contemporaries, as he remains for us. The view which they took of him is typified in the two or three anecdotes which do duty for his biography, doubtless more or less apocryphal, as such anecdotes invariably are, and yet perhaps as significant of the truth as the most authentic narratives. Burton, as Wood tells us, was very "facete, merry, and juvenile" amongst his college companions, and no man could surpass him (as we may easily believe) at interlarding his discourse with appropriate quotations, according to the fashion of the time. He meant, it is said, to cure himself of a tendency to melancholy by compiling the *Anatomy*; but melancholy increased his weakness so much that at last he could only relieve himself by listening to the ribaldry of the Oxford bargees, an amusement which "rarely failed to throw him into a violent fit of laughter." Burton, no doubt, had the true humourist's temperament; a disposition to melancholy

underlay his perception of the ludicrous, and this disposition might be fostered by a sedentary life and advancing years, till, tired of hunting for literary curiosities, he returned to the coarse brutalities of waterside buffoonery, as the sated epicure ends by finding the highest relish in simple beans and bacon. He died, we are told, at the exact time which he had foretold upon astrological grounds, and the students whispered that he had taken the necessary steps to secure the fulfilment of his own prediction. Certainly such a practical bull carried to a tragic conclusion, confirming the truth of astrology by a chance which really showed it to be false, and that at the cost of his own life, was a most fitting end for a thoroughgoing humourist. There would be a charm about setting such a trap for future dabblers in eccentric logical quibbles. In the *Anatomy*, Burton delivers his own views upon astrology with delightful ambiguity. If, he says, Sextus Empiricus, Picus Mirandula, Sextus ab Heminga, or others, have persuaded any man that the signs in the heavens have no more virtue than the signs over a shop or an inn, the sceptic may be referred to Bellantius, Pirovânus, Marascallerus, or Goclenius, who, let us hope, will give him satisfaction. Meanwhile, his own view is that the stars do not compel but incline, and incline so gently that a wise man may resist them. This charmingly elastic hypothesis is enough to allow your true humourist to reconcile his love of the marvellous with the occasional promptings of common sense. Burton, indeed, might have found authorities enough in his own day to make a genuine belief in astrology respectable. But downright belief was hardly in his way. The question for him was not the truth or falsehood of a doctrine, but the facility which it afforded for dallying with grotesque fancies. Living in the intellectual twilight, when the fantastic shapes of old superstition and mythical philosophy blended strangely with the growth of really scientific hypotheses, he could ramble at will through the stores of obsolete learning, picking up here and there whatever passage suited the fanciful faculty which had displaced his reason. To a genuine reasoner, or a man of independent common sense, there is a broad distinction between a proof and an illustration; between adducing evidence for a fact, and merely quoting some anecdote or phrase which expresses the opinion of a predecessor. He has beliefs of his own, and applies an independent test to other men's statements. But with Burton the distinction disappears, and we can therefore never quite settle whether he is a pedant in earnest or in sport, or in a mood strangely composed of the two.

In the eighteenth century Burton fell into the hands of one who, whatever his faults, must be reckoned amongst the very greatest of literary artists. No man had a more acute sense than Sterne of the possibilities of transmuting unpromising material into refined ore. He used Burton in a way which savours, to say the least, of plagiarism. We could at least have wished for some passing allusion to the poor old author whose stores he was using so freely. Had the thief acknowledged his debts in

the most cursory way, no one could have objected, even on moral grounds, to the admirable transformation of Burton into the elder Shandy. The extent of Sterne's obligations was revealed in Ferriar's *Illustrations*, but one case will be sufficient to exhibit the nature of the procedure. Burton, in one of his chapters (it is the fifth number of the third section of the second partition, being part of a "consolatory digression containing remedies to all discontents and passions of the mind"), goes through the good old series of reflections upon the death of friends. We know them all, alas! too well, and in new dresses they still do duty on occasions of administering "vacant chaff." "'Tis an inevitable chance," says Burton, "the first statute in Magna Charta, an everlasting Act of Parliament, all must die," and Sterne puts the phrase without alteration into Mr. Shandy's mouth. "Is it not much better not to hunger at all than to eat; not to thirst, than to drink to satisfy thirst; not to be cold, than to put on clothes to drive away cold?" asks Burton, translating from Lucian, and anticipating some modern pessimists; and Sterne appropriates not merely the venerable sophistry, but the words of his author. But the general style of Burton is most happily ridiculed, and the keynote of the sentiment struck in the opening passage:—

'Tis either Plato, or Plutarch, or Seneca, or Xenophon, or Epictetus, or Theophrastus, or Lucian, or some one, perhaps, of later date—either Cardan, or Budeus, or Petrarch, or Stella—or possibly it may be some divine or father of the Church, St. Austin, or St. Cyprian, or Bernard, who affirms that it is an irresistible and natural passion to weep for the loss of our friends or children—and Seneca (I'm positive) tells us somewhere that such griefs evacuate themselves best by that particular channel. And accordingly we find that David wept for his son Absalom, Adrian for his Antinous, Niobe for her children, and Apollodorus and Criton shed tears for Socrates before his death.

The passage gives virtually Sterne's criticism of Burton. It shows the point of view from which he had contemplated his victim, poring over the old folio, then a neglected curiosity, and chuckling to himself over curiosities so seldom disturbed as to permit him a sense of personal proprietorship. He just takes a characteristic passage from Burton, accentuates slightly the ludicrous side of his manner, and turns him out as an exquisite portrait of the ideal pedant. The art is inimitable, though possibly in the passage just quoted, Sterne is just a trifle too anxious to show that he is laughing with his reader, and so suggests the question whether Burton did not see the joke himself. My impression would be that, in spite of his elaborate mask of pedantry, Burton was at bottom quite conscious of the comic aspect of his preaching, and would have appreciated *Tristram Shandy* as well as any of its readers. After all, though the Oxford don of those days was nourished on great masses of obsolete scholasticism, there must have been sharp fellows enough in the common rooms, where Burton displayed his "merry and faceté" wit, to understand the humour of serving up the tritest commonplaces with this portentous sauce of learned authority. When James was king, even

humour loved to masquerade in quaint scholastic forms, and wit to resolve itself into queer logical quibbling.

The whole scheme of the book strikes us, in fact, as a semi-humorous affectation of elaborate system. Burton professes to "anatomise this humour of melancholy," melancholy being a name used with most convenient vagueness. From one point of view it is the general sense for human folly; it includes those who are "metaphorically mad, who are stupid, angry, drunken, sulky, sottish, proud, vain-glorious, ridiculous, beastly, peevish, obstinate, extravagant, dry, doting, dull, desperate, hare-brained," and so forth. More properly, it seems, it is a disease so common "in this crazed age of ours, that scarce one in a thousand is free from it, and that splenetical, hypochondriacal wind especially, which proceeds from the spleen and short ribs." Every age, indeed, seems to have the same pride in claiming a monopoly of hypochondria as was instituted by the excellent Mrs. Pullet in her array of bottles. But also it seems that melancholy may have pretty much its modern significance, as in the charming verses which are supposed to have given a hint to Milton:—

When I go musing all alone,
Thinking of diverse things foreknown;
When I build castles in the air,
Void of sorrow and void of fear;
Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet,
Methinks the time runs very fleet.
All my joys to this are folly,
Nought so sweet as melancholy.

When I lay waking all alone,
Recounting what I have ill done;
My thoughts on me then tyrannise,
Fear and sorrow me surprise,
Whether I tarry still or go,
Methinks the time moves very slow.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought so bad as melancholy.

Melancholy is here a name for the ambiguous mood in which we hold the lessons of sweet silent thought. But, again, we drop to the most physiological, and, as we should now call it, materialistic view. Melancholy is "black choler," as its name imports; and we are treated to the definitions of the whole series of physicians, the question having been agitated by Galen, Avicenna, Valesius, Montanus, Cappivaccius, Bright, Fiennes, and others, with a variety of results anything but encouraging to the patient. We cannot but sympathise with the excellent Trincavellius, who, being demanded what he thought of a certain melancholy young man, "ingenuously confessed that he was indeed melancholy, but he knew not to what kind to reduce it." Trincavellius, indeed, being consulted on another occasion along with Fallopius and Francan-

zanus, each of these three famous doctors gave a different opinion—an unprecedented and startling phenomenon !

Undaunted, however, by this want of agreement, or rather encouraged by the boundless field of conjecture which it opened, Burton constructs a vast and systematic scheme of analysis, a network so comprehensive, with its judicious divisions and subdivisions, partitions and members, and sections and subsections, that the fish must indeed be strange which cannot be somewhere entangled in his toils. The causes of melancholy range from the highest of all causes, down through magicians, witches, the stars, old age, sickness, poverty, sorrow, and affright, to special peculiarities of diet, such as the consumption of "dried, soured, indurate fish, as ling, fumados, red herring, sprats, stock-fish, haberdine, poorjohn, all shell-fish ;" and even in detail we are generally left in a painful attitude of doubt. "Mesarius commends salmon, which Bruerimus contradicts," and who is to decide between Mesarius and Bruerimus ? The physiology, indeed, which forms so large a part of the book is a very amusing illustration of the chaotic state of medical theory, which gave so many openings for the satirists of the period, and which has so happily been succeeded by perfect unanimity. Johnson was not improbably attracted to the *Anatomy* by the title, which promised to give him some hints in his life-long struggle with disease. If so, he must indeed have been edified. The general tone of the decisions of the physicians of the period is excellently given by the controversy as to hellebore. This drug fell out of its old repute, it appears, owing to the authority of Mesue and some other Arabians ; and it is "still oppugned to this day by Crato and some junior physicians. Their reasons are briefly that Aristotle and Alexander Aphrodiseus called it a poison, whilst Constantine the Emperor, in his 'Graponics,' attributes no other virtue to it than to kill mice and rats, flies and mouldwarps." The most prominent argument, however, is that, according to Nicholas Leonicus, Solon, when "besieging I know not what city," poisoned the springs with hellebore, and so weakened the inhabitants that they could not bear arms. Recent writers, however, especially Paracelsus and Matthiolus, have restored the reputation of the injured drug. For so venerable and classical a medicine, it was perhaps natural to go back to the records of Solon's siege of "I know not what city." Indeed, another statement may remind us that, even in the reign of experimental philosophy, the effects of familiar drugs is not always established beyond possibility of dispute. "Tobacco," exclaims Burton, "divine, rare, and superexcellent tobacco, which goes far beyond all panaceas, potable gold and philosopher's stones, a sovereign remedy to all diseases. A good vomit, I confess, a virtuous herb, if it be well qualified, opportunely taken, and medicinally used ; but, as it is commonly abused by most men, who take it as tinkers do ale, 'tis a plague, a mischief, a violent purger of goods, lands, health, hellish, devilish, and damned tobacco, the ruin and overthrow of body and soul." The controversy, as many contemporary allusions testify,

was as keen at that time as it is at the present day. Bobadil, we may remember, professed to have lived for twenty-one weeks on the fumes of this simple, whilst Justice Overdo entreats all men to avoid "the creeping venom of this subtle serpent."

Burton, to do him justice, does not fail to insinuate a sly hit or two at his physicians, under due shelter of learned names. "Common experience," he points out, shows that those "live freest from all manner of infirmities that make least use of apothecaries' physic;" though apothecaries might possibly argue that he is here inverting cause and effect. But he goes further: "The devil himself was the first inventor of medicine," he argues; "for Apollo invented it, and what was Apollo but the devil?" He points out with more cogent logic the discord of the doctors of his day, and remarks: "This art is wholly conjectural, if it be an art, uncertain, imperfect, and got by killing of men; they are a kind of butchers, leeches, menslayers, surgeons and apothecaries especially, that are indeed the physicians' hangmen and common executioners, though, to say truth, the physicians themselves come not far behind, for, according to that facetie epigram of Maximilianus Urentius" (which, in Burton's phrase, I here voluntarily pretermit), "what's the difference?" And, though Burton's scepticism is judiciously tempered by a consideration which has restrained many of his fellow-satirists—namely, that when he is ill he will probably want a physician himself—he significantly prefaces his selections from the "infinite variety of medicines which he finds in every pharmacopœia" by the warning that they should be used "very moderately and advisedly," and only when diet will not answer the purpose. The scepticism, indeed, was never pushed to any excess. He was slightly scandalised, he tells us, when he saw his mother apply a spider in a nutshell wrapped in silk for the cure of a sufferer from ague; but, on finding the very same remedy prescribed by Dioscorides, Matthiolus, and Alderovandus, he began to "have a better opinion of it," and decides wisely with Renodæus that such amulets are "not altogether to be rejected."

Burton's collection of the prescriptions of the day is a curious illustration of the time in which the most virtuous and benevolent men went about bleeding fever-struck patients to death, flogging others out of madness, and with equal confidence administering spiders in nutshells—and all from the best possible motives. Yet it is perhaps the least amusing part of the matter forced into an elaborate framework, which, as I have said, is contrived with a view to including the most heterogeneous stores of learning. One could wish that he had not bothered himself with any ostensible method, and had avowedly presented himself as a mere rambler, diverging hither and thither in obedience to any accidental association. Southey's *Doctor*, the last book of any note which may be regarded as in some degree belonging to the same class, is so far more judiciously constructed, though Southey perhaps falls into the contrary error of forcibly contorting the natural flow of his thought into

an appearance of more arbitrary digressiveness than really belongs to him. A deliberate resolution to be funny and fanciful is perhaps more annoying than a forced appearance of methodical order. And there is certainly something characteristic in this thoroughgoing affectation which seems to be a part of the very nature of the old pedant. He cannot get rid of his academical costume even when he is disposed for a game of "high jinks." He discusses the philosophy of love-melancholy with all the airs of an anatomical demonstrator, and, if there is just a sly twinkle in his eye, he never permits himself such a smile as would be inconsistent with his views of professorial dignity. He proves with his usual array of imposing authorities that men often fall in love with beautiful women; and reminds us that "Achilles was moved in the midst of a battle by fair Briseis; Ajax by Tecmessa; Judith captivated that great captain Holofernes; Delilah, Samson; Rosamond, Henry the Second; Roxalana, Solyman the Magnificent, &c."; and we dimly wonder whether this comprehensive " &c." could even have included the excellent Burton himself. There is perhaps no class of men which is more apt to pride itself upon a knowledge of the world than the University don of modern times. A Fellow of a college resents the traditional estimate which would make of him a mere smoke-dried bachelor, ignorant, in virtue of his position, of the ordinary play of human passion. But old Burton accepts and prides himself upon his character of learned recluse. He has looked at the world, perhaps, more closely than he allows. He had been further from his common-room than merely to the bridge end to hear the ribaldry of the bargees. But he thinks it necessary to defend himself for discoursing upon love by more than his usual affectation of learned authority. "It is part of my treatise," he says roundly, "and I must and will perform my task," though in a spirit becoming a grave divine. And certainly no fair reader will complain that he has shown undue levity even in this department, where an access of gravity borders most closely upon the ludicrous.

To get a little closer to Burton himself, to catch a glimpse of the real man behind the elaborate mask, we naturally turn to the chapters in which his personal experience is forced to come nearer to the surface. "Democritus junior," the professional laughter at all human folly, might be expected to show his bitterness when he treats of his own craft. Beyond a doubt study is a cause of melancholy, and indeed, as Lavinius Lemmius assures us, the commonest of all causes. The theme should be a fruitful one, and, indeed, we find some touches of genuine feeling. It must be admitted, however, that Burton has a decidedly matter-of-fact and prosaic mode of regarding the subject. The most obvious reason, he tells us, of the melancholy of students is their ill-health. They alone, of all men, as Marsilius Ficinus observes, habitually neglect their tools. A painter washes his brushes, a smith looks to his anvil, a huntsman takes care of his hawks and hounds, and a musician of his lute; but a scholar never thinks of attending properly to his brains. Moreover, Saturn and

Mercury, the patrons of learning, are both of them dry planets, so that the brains of their subjects become withered, and the animal spirits, used up for contemplation, do not keep the other organs properly employed. Whence it follows that bald students are commonly troubled with "gouts, catarrhs, rheums, cachexia, bradiopepsia," and a long list of other diseases due to "overmuch sitting," exceeding even those which beset a famous lady at Diss in Norfolk. A modern writer of Burton's meditative turn would despise this physiological cause; he would call his "bradiopepsia" Welt-Schmerz, and elaborate a philosophical pessimism, proving conclusively that a man's disposition to melancholy must be proportioned to the depth of his knowledge of the general system of things. Burton, in his old-fashioned way, considers melancholy to be at bottom a disease, and frequently due to direct Satanic agency; and therefore, though he certainly considers that the Evil One plays a very conspicuous part in human affairs, he cannot properly pride himself upon his melancholy as a proof of intellectual and moral superiority. We must not complain of him for not anticipating a modern discovery.

He speaks, however, feelingly of the folly of intellectual labour. Do not scholars labour like Thebet Benchorat, who spent forty years in finding out the motion of the eighth sphere, till they become "dizzards," and are scoffed at by gallants for not knowing how to manage a hack, salute a gentlewoman, carve at table, and make cringes and congés, "as every common swasher can do?" The greatest scholars are generally fools in all worldly matters, such as Paglarensis, who thought that his farmer must be a cheat for reporting that his sow had eleven pigs and his mare only one foal. This test of the imbecility of scholars was one upon which Hazlitt has dwelt in some vigorous essays, and which has doubtless come home more or less to many an honest senior wrangler, who has discovered that his mathematics did not enable him to tie his neckcloth after the latest model. But the man who could seriously whine over such a distress would be showing a deficiency of self-respect only too much in Hazlitt's vein. If here and there, in this polished age, a scholar is a bit of a clown, it is generally from puerile conceit, and his incapacity for business means only that he has admirers enough ready to do his dirty work. Burton has a much more serious ground for lamentation. Scholars, he says, are generally enforced to "want, poverty, and beggary." He quotes a passage from Virgil (applied by Johnson to precisely the same purpose) enumerating the terrible forms which surround the gates of hell—grief, care, labour, fear, hunger, and poverty—and observes that they are the familiar attendants of the scholar. His best chance was to keep a school, or turn lecturer or curate, for which he might receive "falconer's wages," ten pounds a year and his food, so long as he pleased the parish or his parson; or he might become chaplain in a gentleman's family, marry an old housekeeper or chambermaid, and be settled in a small living—the natural aspiration of a poor clergyman for a century later, according to the satirists and pamphleteers. The scholar, again,

might get into a great man's family, and live, at the cost of gross flattery, as a worthless parasite; or, seeing the worthlessness of the higher learning, might take to one of the "bread studies"—and become a lawyer, to struggle against successful pettifoggers—or a physician, to find that in every village there were "so many mountebanks, empirics, quacksalvers, paracelsians," and others, that he could scarcely find a patient. The "grasping patrons," who plunder the Church for their own base purposes, are at the roots of the evil. It is useless to denounce them; they care not so long as they have money. "Dea Moneta, Queen Money," the almighty dollar, was even then, it seems, the "goddess we adore." We need not wonder then that patrons were a "base, profane, epicurean, hypocritical rout." "So cold is my charity, so defective in this behalf, that I shall never think better of them, than that they are rotten at core, their bones are full of epicurean hypocrisy and atheistical marrow, they are worse than heathens." And then Burton proceeds to lament over the contempt for learning characteristic of his time, and, of course, of his time alone. Gentlemen thought it unworthy of them: merchants might study arithmetic, spectacle-makers optics, and "landleapers" geography—a rich man had no need of such knowledge. In that base utilitarian age men only thought of practical advantages; in "former times"—a very comprehensive period—the highest were scholars themselves, and loved scholars. "Evax, that Arabian prince," was "a most expert jeweller and exquisite philosopher;" Alexander sent Xenophanes fifty talents, because he was poor; and "Archelaus, that Macedonian king, would not willingly sup without Euripides (amongst the rest, he drank to him at supper one night, and gave him a cup of gold for his pains)." Those days are gone; though we still have our *Cæsar*, commonly called James I., "our amulet, our sun, our sole comfort and refuge; . . . a famous scholar himself, and the sole patron, pillar, and sustainer of learning:" to which, in later editions, it had to be added that James had left a worthy successor. But, after making his reverence to the King's majesty, and to certain rather hypothetical exceptions to the general ignorance of the gentry, Burton returns to his lamentations. Our modern nobles are abandoned to field-sports, gaming, and drinking; they need nothing but some romance, playbook, or pamphlet, and know only a few scraps of French and Italian picked up in a foreign journey. And yet such must be the patrons! and those will thrive who please them best. "If the patron be precise, so must the clerk be; if he be papistical, his clerk must be so too, or be turned out. These"—parasites and time-servers, to wit—"are those clerks which serve the turn, whilst, in the meantime, we, that are University men, like so many hide-bound calves in a pasture, tarry out our time, wither away as a flower ungathered in a garden, and are never used; or as so many candles, illuminate ourselves alone, obscuring one another's light, and are not discerned here at all—the least of which, translated to a dark room, or to some country benefice where it might shine apart, would give a fair light, and be seen over all."

"We that are University men!" It is pleasant to notice the touch of college pride which breaks out in this little reference. The University indeed was not quite immaculate, but Burton judiciously veils his suggestions for its reform in learned language; it was not for one of the "candles" to develop any doubt as to the brilliancy of his associated luminaries. We have the good old don—the genuine believer in the universities as the sole sources of pure light in a feebly appreciative country—who used to flourish till very recent times, and has perhaps not been utterly abolished even by the profane intrusion of reforming commissioners. But it is more curious to remark how easy it would be to rewrite all this lamentation so as to make it an apparent echo of modern jeremiads. When, in speaking of political disorders, Burton illustrates his case by "those goodly provinces in Asia Minor which govern under the burden of a Turkish government; and those vast kingdoms of Muscovia, Russia, under a tyrannizing duke," we fancy that he might have been looking at an article in yesterday's paper; and the complaints to which we have just been listening, require little more alteration. We know how nervous disorders (we do not now call them melancholy) are specially characteristic of the present age; how many of them may be traced to the excessive stimulation of youthful intellects in the period of academical study; how all professions are filled to repletion, and how many years a young man has to wait before he can get a brief or a patient; how little the spirit of genuine research is encouraged, and how, in consequence, young men take to those studies which are likely to bring immediate results in the shape of pounds, shillings, and pence; how ill patronage is distributed, and what a number of excellent clergymen are forced to keep up an excellent appearance on totally inadequate stipends; how, if patrons are no longer so conspicuous in our democratic age, a man is still tempted to seek for preferment by flattering the ignorant prejudices of the many, and prostituting his talents to the base acts of popularity-hunting; and how "in former times" these evils never existed; how people really believed what they said; sold what they professed to sell; revered their rulers; and lived sound, healthy lives, free from hysteria, humbug, and money-worship. In every age the last new prophet of the doctrine of deterioration is convinced of the startling novelty and unimpeachable truth of his teaching. The explanation is probably the obvious one hinted by an old writer, who remarks that, as he grows older, he is constantly inclined to fancy that the world must be growing worse. If not, why should he be less cheerful?

In this chapter Burton speaks more from his own mind, and gives us a stronger dose of pessimism than is his wont. Yet even here he does not quite come up to the modern standard, or, indeed, to that of some of his contemporaries. The evils upon which he dwells are too specific and contingent. He hardly seems to regard the melancholy of the scholar as due to an imperfection in human nature itself, but rather as something which might conceivably be removed by a virtuous prince and a judicious

minister. He is thoroughly roused to anger by the baseness of patrons and the general misapplication of church property, but scarcely rises above the tone of a sturdy conservative of the common-room grumbling over the slowness of patronage and the growth of Puritanism. He does not rise to the sphere of thought in which the many political squabbles of the day appear as petty interludes in the vast drama of human history. The melancholy of the scholar does not suggest to him the lofty intellectual melancholy represented, for example, by Faust. Here and there, indeed, we have hints of the futility of all philosophy; celebrated authors have exploded school divinity, we are told, as a "vast ocean of obs and sols—a labyrinth of intricate questions, unprofitable contentions;" but he is scarcely sensible of that weariness of soul which comes over the profounder thinker, awed by the contemplation of the stupendous waste of the noblest human faculties, of the vast energy of intellect that has been dissipated in turning the everlasting metaphysical treadmill. He is more of a Wagner than a Faust. He does not tremble at the comparison between his narrow limits of human life and the illimitable series of problems to be solved, where each new answer only serves to suggest new and more perplexing questions; nor is he frightened by the many names of men greater and wiser than himself which are now mere labels to some exploded theory, nor disgusted with the empty verbiage presented to him by the most pretentious teachers for solid truth; nor tempted to become a charlatan himself in sheer bitterness of spirit, or to plunge into sensual pleasure as the only substantial good in losing himself in the stupendous labyrinths of sophistry and mutual contradiction misnamed philosophy. At a time when the keenest thinkers were bracing themselves for a fresh departure in inquiry, a man of powerful as well as learned mind might have given utterance to some such feeling in surveying the huge wilderness of bygone speculation. Placed between the dead and the living, a rising and an expiring school of thought, he might have meditated on the vanity of human wisdom, or have delighted, like Sir Thomas Browne, to reflect, amidst the jarring din of controversy, upon the mysterious depths in which all philosophy must so speedily lose itself.

But Burton was really an honest University don, who had rambled over many fields of learning, but had not really troubled himself to be profound and cynical. He rejoiced in "that famous library, renewed by Sir Thomas Bodley"—not because it suggested any reflections, inspiring or humiliating, as to the past history of the mind—but rather because it suggested a boundless potentiality of rambling amongst antiquarian curiosities. He was, according to his own account, a thorough-going gossip. He delighted to hear "new news every day," "rumours of plagues, fires, thefts, murders, inundations, massacres, meteors, comets, spectrums, prodigies, apparitions; of towns taken, cities besieged, in France, Germany, Turkey, Persia, Poland, &c.," as much as if he had lived at the present day, and gone to the Union to read his

Times and *Telegraph*. He heard of "plenty, pride, perplexities and cares, simplicity and villany; subtlety, knavery, candour, and integrity, mutually mixed and offering themselves;" whilst he rubbed on *privus privatus*—left to a solitary life and his own private discontents, and sometimes justified by the precedents of Diogenes and Democritus, walking abroad to make a few observations, sarcastic, humorous, petulant, or indignant. His literary curiosity was pretty much the counterpart of this kind of interest in the outside world. It was not that of a philosopher or poet, but of a man with insatiable appetite for every kind of printed matter, and with enough pungency of feeling to give an occasional flavour to his pages, and enable him to sustain fairly the character of Democritus junior, when he happened to remember it; but yet sufficient force to digest all his masses of knowledge, and saturate them with a dominant sentiment. He forgets that he is bound to be a satirist, and contents himself with tumbling out his stores of queer information without any pretence at illustrating any doctrines, melancholy or consolatory. Especially in those famous digressions concerning "the nature of devils" and "of air," he exhibits his curiosities with as grave a face as if he were displaying the most precious intellectual wares. The stories which he relates must have tickled his fancy, for some reason or other; but he leaves us to guess whether he is a believer or a sceptic, amused or awestruck, or idly curious. We hear how Cardan's father conjured up seven devils, on August 13, 1491, in Greek apparel, about forty years of age, some ruddy and some pale, who assured him that they lived about seven or eight hundred years; how, according to the schoolmen, there are nine kinds of bad spirits, the names of whose princes are given; though Gregorius Holsanus, who is followed by Marsilius Ficinus, makes only seven kinds, corresponding to the seven planets; the angels being placed above and the devils beneath the moon—an unlucky arrangement, one would say, for human beings! how the sublunary devils may be divided into six kinds, including water-nymphs, three of which appeared to Macbeth and Banquo, "two Scotch lords," and fairies which "are sometimes seen by old women and children;" whilst Paracelsus "reckons up many places in Germany where they do usually walk in little coats, some two feet long;" others, it seems, sat by the wayside to make men's horses stumble, rejoicing heartily if the rider swears; "with many such pretty feats."

He gives his notes upon geography with just as much gravity as his remarks upon the natural history of devils. "What greater pleasure can there be," he asks, "than to view these elaborate maps of Ortelius, Mercator, &c.?" He is curious about the variation of the compass, recently discovered by Gilbert, and wishes to find the source of the Nile, and to see "that great bird ruck which can carry an elephant," and the Arabian phoenix; he wants to know the depth of the atmosphere, and to determine whether the peak of Teneriffe is 50 miles high, as Patricius holds, or only 9, as Snellius demonstrates; he is curious

about the shells discovered on hill-tops, and the trees in bays, and also about the ship which was dug out of a mountain near Berne (in the year 1460), with 48 human bodies in it, from a mine fifty fathoms deep; and then he plunges into questions about the geography of the infernal regions, Ribeira holding that there is a "natural and local fire in the centre of the earth 200 Italian miles in diameter;" whilst Lessius thinks that the diameter can only be one Dutch mile, because he demonstrates that that space will hold 800,000,000,000 of damned bodies, "which will abundantly suffice." Then he returns to more accessible questions, and asks why places under the same latitude are not equally hot; why it rains stones, frogs, mice, and rats; what is the nature of meteors; what is the use of the moon; what is the true theory of the earth's motion, "now so much in question;" and whether the stars are inhabited. He seems to regard these last questions as insoluble, laughing at the presumption and hopeless discord of astronomers, and wonders that they are somehow mixed up with the eternal problem about the origin of evil. "But hoo!" exclaims the worthy Burton, "I am now gone quite out of sight. I am almost giddy with roaming about; I could have ranged further yet, but I am an infant and not able to dive into those profundities and sound those depths; not able to understand, much less to discuss. I leave the contemplation of these things to stronger wits, that have better ability and happier leisure to wade into such philosophical mysteries."

Wandering through this quaint museum we come here and there upon familiar anecdotes; upon an early form of smart sayings which have been given to the wits of successive generations; or queer illustrations of ancient forms of speculation. Reading Burton's anecdote of two palm-trees which languished till they grew high enough to see one another at a distance, we may remember the two trees in Heine's familiar poem; and on the next page we find the story from which Keats took his *Lamia*; and not far off is a remark which Coleridge turned into a well known epigram, pointing out that the devil, when he robbed Job of all his goods, judiciously omitted to take his wife. Just below is an anecdote which Thackeray has somewhere quoted about the amazement of the wild Irish when they saw the splendours of Henry the Second's court, and their foolish desire to become English forthwith; "who but English! but when they had now submitted themselves and lost their former liberty, they began to rebel some of them, others repent of what they had done, when it was too late." For one who delights in literary coincidences, in tracing the forms in which anecdotes present themselves in various ages, and observing how the old materials are being constantly refashioned to suit the taste of the present day, there is an ample hunting ground in Burton's curious miscellany; and we come to have a liking for the old gentleman even though we may admit that for the less curious reader it is better to take advantage of Sterne's spectacles and contemplate Burton as reflected in the elder Shandy.

Palingenesis.

I was fashioned long ago
 In an element of snow,
 And a white pair of cold wings
 Bore me towards sublunar things;
 Over Thought's immense dominions,
 Floating on those chilly pinions,
 Long I wandered faint and thin,
 As a leaf the wind may spin,
 And the tossing flashing sea
 Moaned and whispered under me,
 And the mountains of man's mind
 Cast short shadows far behind,
 And the rivers of the soul,
 That still thunder as they roll,
 At my cold height streamed and fled
 Silent as a glacier-bed.
 I was light and gay and bold,
 Bathing in the sunset's gold,
 Though my forehead's only flush
 Came from the aurora's rush,
 And my white wrists held on high
 Showed no blue veins coursing by.
 Through the world a dream I went,
 Swathed in a frozen element,
 Watching with a temperate breath
 All the masque of birth and death,
 Pleased to watch around, below,
 The currents of emotion flow,
 Pleased in my insane conceit
 That I had no heart to beat.

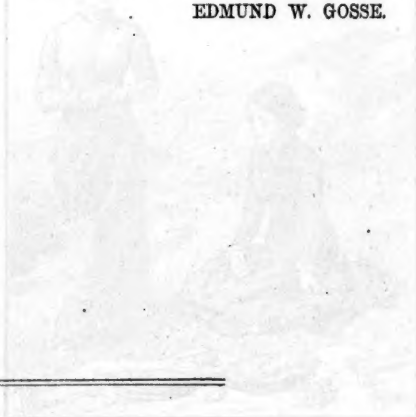
But, one morning, as I flew
Higher in the vault of blue,
On a storm's eccentric curve
All my flight began to swerve.
Ah! my crystal limbs expire
In this new domain of fire!
Ah! my dædal wings must scorch
In this vast aerial torch,
And my fairy garments made
Of the frost's breath, all will fade!

Shrieking in a robe of pain,
Darkness fell upon my brain.
When I wakened, far away
In a still green dell I lay,
Shivering, naked; warm within,
What was this I heard begin
Throbbing, pulsing, like the sound
Of a hammer underground?
Then I caught a voice, repeating,
" 'Tis thy new-born heart that's beating."

Since that day I have not flown
O'er the radiant world alone;
I am all content to follow
Love round this one mountain-hollow;
Weak I am, and flushed with feeling
Tender hopes across me stealing;
Tears between my eyelids creep,
And I waken still to weep;
Often as I walk along
I am agonised with song,
Thoughts of one beloved form
Lash me like a sudden storm,
And for days I travel wholly
Muffled up in melancholy;
Yet for all this weary pain
I would not be calm again,

Yield the warmth and flush and riot
 For my earlier crystal quiet,
 Or this burning flesh resign
 For those wings and robes of mine;
 Having tasted Life and Breath
 And the bitter Fear of Death,
 Who could any more endure
 That chill ether rare and pure?
 Having known the ache of loving,
 And the warm veins' stir and moving,
 And the yearning hopes that start,
 Who could live without a heart?

EDMUND W. GOSSE.



White Wings: A Yachting Romance.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE LAIRD'S PLANS.



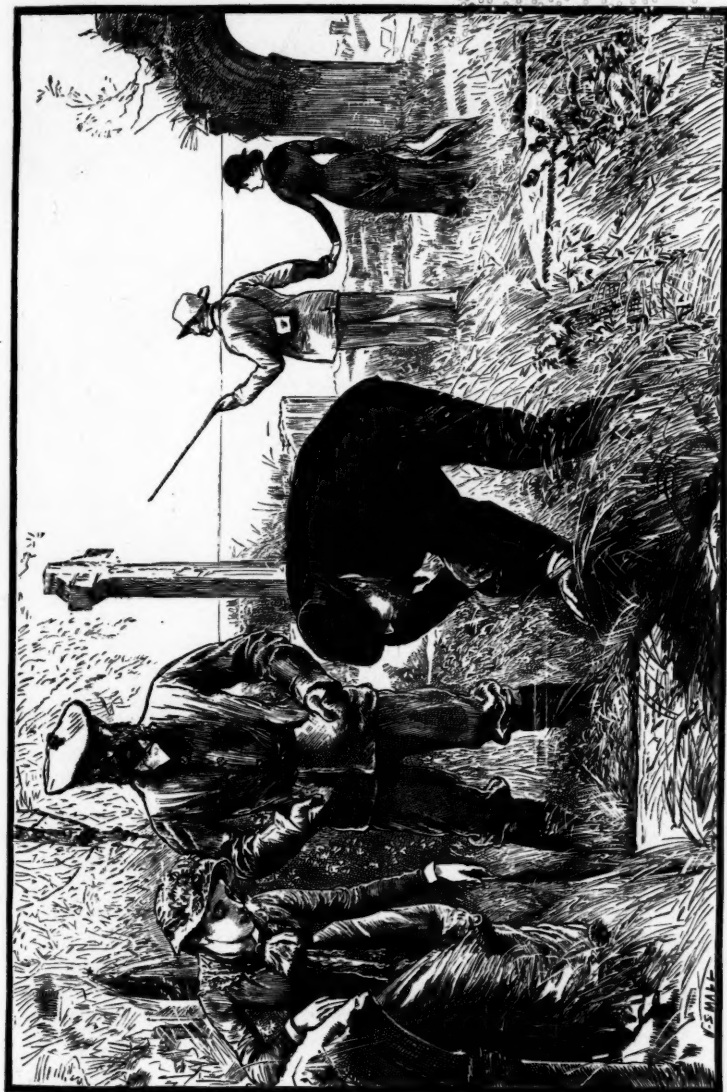
WHILE she is first up to thrust aside those delusive yellow blinds that suggest sunshine whether the morning be fair or foul! But the first glance through the panes removes all apprehensions: the ruffled bay, the fluttering ensign, the shining white wings of the *White Doves* are all a summons to the slumbering house. And the mistress of Castle Osprey, as soon as she is dressed, is upstairs and downstairs like a furred flash of lightning. Her cry and potent command—a reminiscence of cer-

tain transatlantic experiences—is, “*All aboard for Dan’s!*” She will not have so fine a sailing morning wasted, especially when Dr. Angus Sutherland is with us.

Strangely enough, when at last we stand on the white decks, and look round on the shining brass and varnished wood, and help to stow away the various articles needed for our cruise, he is the least excited of all those chattering people. There is a certain conscious elation on starting on a voyage, especially on a beautiful morning; but there also may be some vague and dim apprehension. The beginning is here; but the end? Angus walked about with Captain John, and was shown all that had been done to the yacht, and listened in silence.

But the rest were noisy enough, calling for this and that, handing things down the companion, and generally getting in the way of the steward.

“Well, Fred,” says our facetious Laird, “have ye hung up all the game that Mr. Smith brought back from the moor yesterday?” and Master



HERE AND THERE WE TRIED TO BRUSH THE WHEEN AWAY.



Fred was so much tickled by this profound joke that he had to go down into the forecabin to hide his grinning delight, and went covertly smiling about his work for the next quarter of an hour.

Then the hubbub gradually ceased; for the boats had been swung to the davits, and the *White Dove* was gently slipping away from her moorings. A fine northerly breeze; a ruffled blue sea; and the South all shining before her! How should we care whither the beautiful bird bore us? Perhaps before the night fell we should be listening for the singing of the mermaid of Colonsay.

The wooded shores slowly drew away; the horizon widened; there was no still blue, but a fine windy grey, on the vast plain of the sea that was opening out before us.

"Oh, yes, mem!" says John of Skye to Miss Avon. "I wass sure we would get a good breeze for Mr. Sutherland when he will come back to the yat."

Miss Avon does not answer: she is looking at the wide sea, and at the far islands, with somewhat wistful eyes.

"Would you like to tek the tiller now, mem?" says the bearded skipper, in his most courteous tones. "Mr. Sutherland was aye very proud to see ye at the tiller."

"No, thank you, John," she says.

And then she becomes aware that she has—in her absent mood—spoken somewhat curtly; so she turns and comes over to him, and says in a confidential way—

"To tell you the truth, John, I never feel very safe in steering when the yacht is going before the wind. When she is close-hauled I have something to guide me; but with the wind coming behind I know I may make a blunder without knowing why."

"No, no, mem; you must not let Mr. Sutherland hear you say that: when he was so prood o' learnin' ye; and there is no dancher at ahl of your making a plunder."

But at this moment our young Doctor himself comes on deck; and she quickly moves away to her camp-stool, and plunges herself into a book; while the attentive Mr. Smith provides her with a sunshade and a footstool. Dr. Sutherland cannot, of course, interfere with her diligent studies.

Meanwhile our hostess is below, putting a few finishing touches to the decoration of the saloon; while the Laird, in the blue-cushioned recess at the head of the table, is poring over *Municipal London*. At length he raises his eyes, and says to his sole companion—

"I told ye, ma'am, he was a good lad—a biddable lad—did I not?"

"You are speaking of your nephew, of course," she says. "Well; it is very kind of him to offer to turn out of his state-room in favour of Dr. Sutherland; but there is really no need for it. Angus is much better accustomed to roughing it on board a yacht."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," says the Laird, with judicial gravity.

"Howard is in the right there too. He must insist on it. Dr. Sutherland is your oldest friend. Howard is here on a kind of sufferance. I am sure we are both of us greatly obliged to ye."

Here there was the usual deprecation.

"And I will say," observes the Laird, with the same profound air, "that his conduct since I sent for him has entirely my approval—entirely my approval. Ye know what I mean. I would not say a word to him for the world—no, no—after the first intimation of my wishes, no coercion. Every one for himself: no coercion."

She does not seem so overjoyed as might have been expected.

"Oh, of course not!" she says. "It is only in plays and books that anybody is forced into a marriage; at least you don't often find a man driven to marry anybody against his will. And indeed, sir," she adds, with a faint smile, "you rather frightened your nephew at first. He thought you were going to play the part of a stage guardian, and disinherit him if he did not marry the young lady. But I took the liberty of saying to him that you could not possibly be so unreasonable. Because, you know, if Mary refused to marry him, how could that be any fault of his?"

"Precisely so," said the Laird, in his grand manner. "A most judicious and sensible remark. Let him do his part, and I am satisfied. I would not exact impossibilities from any one, much less from one that I have a particular regard for. And, as I was saying, Howard is a good lad."

The Laird adopted a lighter tone.

"Have ye observed, ma'am, that things are not at all unlikely to turn out as we wished?" he said, in a half-whisper; and there was a secret triumph in his look. "Have ye observed? Oh, yes! young folks are very shy; but their elders are not blind. Did ye ever see two young people that seemed to get on better together on so short an acquaintance?"

"Oh, yes!" she says, rather gloomily; "they seem to be very good friends."

"Yachting is a famous thing for making people acquainted," says the Laird, with increasing delight. "They know one another now as well as though they had been friends for years on the land. Has that struck ye now before?"

"Oh, yes!" she says. There is no delight on *her* face.

"It will jist be the happiness of my old age, if the Lord spares me, to see these two established at Denny-mains," says he, as if he were looking at the picture before his very eyes. "And we have a fine soft air in the west of Scotland; it's no like asking a young English ledly to live in the bleaker parts of the north, or among the east winds of Edinburgh. And I would not have the children sent to any public school, to learn vulgar ways of speech and clipping of words. No, no; I would wale out a young man from our Glasgow University—one familiar with the

proper tradections of the English language; and he will guard against the clipping fashion of the South, just as against the yaumering of the Edinburgh bodies. Ah will wale him out maself. But no too much education: no, no; that is the worst gift ye can bestow upon bairns. A sound constitution; that is first and foremost. I would rather see a lad out and about shooting rabbits than shut up wi' a pale face among a lot of books. And the boys will have their play, I can assure ye; I will send that fellow Andrew about his business if he doesna stop netting and snaring. What do I care about the snipping at the shrubs? I will put out turnips on the verra lawn, jist to see the rabbits run about in the morning. The boys shall have their play at Denny-mains, I can assure ye; more play than school-hours, or I'm mistaken!"

The Laird laughed to himself just as if he had been telling a good one about Homesh.

"And no muzzle-loaders," he continued, with a sudden seriousness. "Not a muzzle-loader will I have put into their hands. Many's the time it makes me grue to think of my loading a muzzle-loader when I was a boy—loading one barrel, with the other barrel on full-cock, and jist gaping to blow my fingers off. I'm thinking Miss Mary—though she'll no be Miss Mary then—will be sore put to when the boys bring in thrushes and blackbirds they have shot; for she's a sensitive bit thing; but what I say is, better let them shoot thrushes and blackbirds than bring them up to have white faces ower books. Ah tell ye this: I'll give them a sovereign a-piece for every blackbird they shoot on the wing!"

The Laird had got quite excited; he did not notice that *Municipal London* was dangerously near the edge of the table.

"Andrew will not object to the shooting o' blackbirds," he said, with a loud laugh—as if there were something of Homesh's vein in that gardener. "The poor crayture is just daft about his cherries. That's another thing; no interference with bairns in a garden. Let them steal what they like. Green apples? bless ye, they're the life o' children! Nature puts everything to rights. She kens better than books. If I caught the schoolmaster lockin' up they boys in their play-hours, my word but I'd send him fleein'!"

He was most indignant with this schoolmaster, although he was to be of his own 'waling.' He was determined that the lads should have their play, lessons or no lessons. Green apples he preferred to Greek. The dominie would have to look out.

"Do you think, ma'am," he says, in an insidious manner; "do ye think she would like to have a furnished house in London for pairt of the year? She might have her friends to see——"

Now at last this is too much. The gentle, small creature has been listening with a fine, proud, hurt air on her face, and with tears near to her eyes. Is it thus that her Scotch student, of whom she is the fierce champion, is to be thrust aside?

"Why," she says, with an indignant warmth; "you take it all for

granted! I thought it was a joke. Do you really think your nephew is going to marry Mary? And Angus Sutherland in love with her!"

"God bless me!" exclaimed the Laird, with such a start that the bulky *Municipal London* banged down on the cabin floor.

Was it the picking up of that huge tome, or the consciousness that he had been betrayed into an unusual ejaculation, that crimsoned the Laird's face? When he sat upright again, however, wonder was the chief expression visible in his eyes.

"Of course I have no right to say so," she instantly and hurriedly adds; "it is only a guess—a suspicion. But haven't you seen it? And until quite recently I had other suspicions, too. Why, what do you think would induce a man in Angus Sutherland's position to spend such a long time in idleness?"

But by this time the Laird had recovered his equanimity. He was not to be disturbed by any bogie. He smiled serenely.

"We will see, ma'am; we will see. If it is so with the young man, it is a peety. But you must admit yourself that ye see how things are likely to turn out?"

"I don't know," she said, with reluctance: she would not admit that she had been grievously troubled during the past few days.

"Very well, ma'am, very well," said the Laird, blithely. "We will see who is right. I am not a gambler, but I would wager ye a gold ring, a sixpence, and a silver thimble that I am no so far out. I have my eyes open; oh, aye! Now I am going on deck to see where we are."

And so the Laird rose, and put the bulky volume by, and passed along the saloon to the companion. We heard

Sing tántara! Sing tántara!

as his head appeared. He was in a gay humour.

Meanwhile the *White Dove*, with all sail set, had come along at a spanking pace. The weather threatened change, it is true; there was a deep gloom overhead; but along the southern horizon there was a blaze of yellow light which had the odd appearance of being a sunset in the middle of the day; and in this glare lay the long blue promontory known as the Rhinns of Islay, within sight of the Irish coast. And so we went down by Easdale, and past Colipoll and its slate-quarries; and we knew this constant breeze would drive us through the swirls of the Doruis Mohr—the "Great Gate." And were we listening, as we drew near in the afternoon to the rose-purple bulk of Scarba, for the low roar of Corrievechan? We knew the old refrain:—

*As you pass through Jura's Sound
Bend your course by Scarba's shore;
Shun, oh, shun the gulf profound
Where Corrievechan's surges roar!*

But now there is no ominous murmur along those distant shores. Silence and a sombre gloom hang over the two islands. We are glad to

shun this desolate coast; and glad that the *White Dove* is carrying us away to the pleasanter south, when, behold! behold! another sight! As we open out the dreaded gulf, Corrievrechan itself becomes but an open lane leading out to the west; and there, beyond the gloom, amid the golden seas, lies afar the music-haunted Colonsay! It is the calm of the afternoon; the seas lie golden around the rocks; surely the sailors can hear her singing now for the lover she lost so long ago! What is it that thrills the brain so, and fills the eyes with tears, when we can hear no sound at all coming over the sea?

It is the Laird who summons us back to actualities.

"It would be a strange thing," says he, "if Tom Galbraith were in that island at this very meenit. Ah'm sure he was going there."

And Captain John helps.

"I not like to go near Corrievrechan," he says, with a grin, "when there is a flood tide and half a gale from the sou'-west. It is an ahfu' place," he adds, more seriously, "an ahfu' place."

"I should like to go through," Angus Sutherland says, quite inadvertently.

"Aye, would ye, sir?" says Captain John, eagerly. "If there wass only you and me on board, I would tek you through ferry well—with the wind from the norrard and an ebb tide. Oh, yes! I would do that; and maybe we will do it this year yet!"

"I do not think I am likely to see Corrievrechan again this year," said he, quite quietly—so quietly that scarcely any one heard. But Mary Avon heard.

Well, we managed, after all, to bore through the glassy swirls of the Doruis Mohr—the outlying pickets, as it were, of the fiercer whirlpools and currents of Corrievrechan—and the light breeze still continuing we crept along in the evening past Crinan, and along the lonely coast of Knapdale, with the giant Paps of Jura darkening in the west. Night fell; the breeze almost died away; we turned the bow of the *White Dove* towards an opening in the land, and the flood tide gently bore her into the wide, silent, empty loch. There did not seem to be any light on the shores. Like a tall, grey phantom the yacht glided through the gloom; we were somewhat silent on deck.

But there was a radiant yellow glow coming through the skylight; and Master Fred had done his best to make the saloon cheerful enough. And where there is supper there ought to be other old-fashioned institutions—singing, for example; and how long was it since we had heard anything about the Queen's Maries, or "Ho, ro, clansmen!" or the Irish Brigade? Nobody, however, appeared to think of these things. This was a silent and lonely loch, and the gloom of night was over land and water; but we still seemed to have before our eyes the far island amid the golden seas. And was there not still lingering in the night air some faint echo of the song of Colonsay? It is a heart-breaking song; it is all about the parting of lovers.

CHAPTER XXX.

A SUNDAY IN FAR SOLITUDES.

MARY AVON is seated all alone on deck, looking rather wistfully around her at this solitary Loch-na-Chill—that is, the Loch of the Burying Place. It is Sunday morning, and there is a more than Sabbath peace dwelling over sea and shore. Not a ripple on the glassy sea; a pale haze of sunshine on the islands in the south; a stillness as of death along the low-lying coast. A seal rises to the surface of the calm sea, and regards her for a moment with his soft black eyes; then slowly subsides. She has not seen him; she is looking far away.

Then a soft step is heard on the companion; and the manner of the girl instantly changes. Are these tears that she hastily brushes aside? But her face is all smiles to welcome her friend. She declares that she is charmed with the still beauty of this remote and solitary loch.

Then other figures appear; and at last we are all summoned on deck for morning service. It is not an elaborate ceremony; there are no candles, or genuflexions, or embroidered altar-cloths. But the Laird has put on a black frock coat, and the men have put aside their scarlet cowls and wear smart sailor-looking cloth caps. Then the Laird gravely rises, and opens his book.

Sometimes, it is true, our good friend has almost driven us to take notice of his accent, and we have had our little jokes on board about it; but you do not pay much heed to these peculiarities when the strong and resonant voice—amid the strange silence of this Loch of the Burying Place—reads out the 103rd Psalm: "Like as a father piteeth his children," he may say; but one does not heed that. And who is to notice that, as he comes to these words, he lifts his eyes from the book and fixes them for a moment on Mary Avon's downcast face? "Like as a father piteeth his children, so the Lord piteeth them that fear Him. For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust. As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him, and His righteousness unto children's children." Then, when he had finished the Psalm, he turned to the New Testament, and read in the same slow and reverent manner the 6th chapter of Matthew. This concluded the service; it was not an elaborate one.

Then, about an hour afterwards, the Laird, on being appealed to by his hostess, gave it as his opinion that there would be no Sabbath desecration at all in our going ashore to examine the ruins of what appeared to be an ancient chapel, which we could make out by the aid of our glasses on the green slope above the rocks. And as our young friends—Angus and the Youth—idly paddled us away from the yacht, the Laird

began to apologise to his hostess for not having lengthened the service by the exposition of some chosen text.

"Ye see, ma'am," he observed, "some are gifted in that way, and some not. My father, now, had an amazing power of expounding and explaining—I am sure there was nothing in *Hutcheson's Expostion* he had not in his memory. A very famous man he was in those days as an Anti-Lifter—very famous; there were few who could argue with him on that memorable point."

"But what did you call him, sir?" asks his hostess, with some vague notion that the Laird's father had lived in the days of body-snatchers.

"An Anti-Lifter: it was a famous controversy; but ye are too young to remember of it perhaps. And now in these days we are more tolerant, and rightly so; I do not care whether the minister lifts the sacramental bread before distribution or not, now that there is no chance of Popery getting into our Presbyterian Church in disguise. It is the speerit, not the form, that is of importance: our Church authoritatively declares that the efficacy of the sacraments depends not 'upon any virtue in them or in him that doth administer them.' Aye; that is the cardinal truth. But in those days they considered it right to guard against Popery in every manner; and my father was a prominent Anti-Lifter; and well would he argue and expound on that and most other doctrinal subjects. But I have not much gift that way," added the Laird, modestly; quite forgetting with what clearness he had put before us the chief features of the great Sempole case.

"I don't think you have anything to regret, sir," said our young Doctor, as he carelessly worked the oar with one hand, "that you did not bother the brains of John and his men with any exposition of the Sermon on the Mount. Isn't it an odd thing that the common fishermen and boatmen of the Sea of Galilee understood the message Christ brought them just at once? and now-a-days, when we have millions of churches built, and millions of money being spent, and tons upon tons of sermons being written every year, we seem only to get further and further into confusion and chaos. Fancy the great army of able-bodied men that go on expounding and expounding; and the learning and time and trouble they bestow on their work; and scarcely any two of them agreed; while the people who listen to them are all in a fog. Simon Peter, and Andrew, and the sons of Zebedee, must have been men of the most extraordinary intellect. They understood at once; they were commissioned to teach; and they had not even a Shorter Catechism to go by."

The Laird looked at him doubtfully. He did not know whether to recognise in him a true ally or not. However, the mention of the Shorter Catechism seemed to suggest solid ground; and he was just about entering into the question of the Subordinate Standards when an exclamation of rage on the part of his nephew startled us. That handsome lad, during all this theological discussion, had been keeping a watchful and matter-of-fact eye on a number of birds on the shore; and

now that we were quite close to the sandy promontory, he had recognised them.

"Look! look!" he said, in tones of mingled eagerness and disappointment. "Golden plovers, every one of them! Isn't it too bad? It's always like this on Sunday. I will bet you won't get within half a mile of them to-morrow!"

And he refused to be consoled as we landed on the sandy shore; and found the golden-dusted, long-legged birds running along before us, or flitting from patch to patch of the moist greensward. We had to leave him behind in moody contemplation as we left the shore and scrambled up the rugged and rocky slope to the ruins of this solitary little chapel.

There was an air of repose and silence about these crumbling walls and rusted gates that was in consonance with a habitation of the dead. And first of all, outside, we came upon an upright Iona cross, elaborately carved with strange figures of men and beasts. But inside the small building, lying prostrate among the grass and weeds, there was a collection of those memorials that would have made an antiquarian's heart leap for joy. It is to be feared that our guesses about the meaning of the emblems on the tombstones were of a crude and superficial character. Were these Irish chiefs, those stone figures with the long sword and the harp beside them? Was the recurrent shamrock a national or religious emblem? And why was the effigy of this ancient worthy accompanied by a pair of pincers, an object that looked like a tooth-comb, and a winged griffin? Again, outside, but still within the sacred walls, we came upon still further tombs of warriors, most of them hidden among the long grass; and here and there we tried to brush the weeds away. It was no bad occupation for a Sunday morning, in this still and lonely burial-place above the wide seas.

On going on board again we learned from John of Skye that there were many traces of an ancient ecclesiastical colonisation about this coast; and that in especial there were a ruined chapel and other remains on one of a small group of islands that we could see on the southern horizon. Accordingly, after luncheon, we fitted out an expedition to explore that distant island. The Youth was particularly anxious to examine these ecclesiastical remains; he did not explain to everybody that he had received from Captain John a hint that the shores of this sainted island swarmed with seals.

And now the gig is shoved off; the four oars strike the glassy water; and away we go in search of the summer isles in the south. The Laird settles himself comfortably in the stern; it seems but natural that he should take Mary Avon's hand in his, just as if she were a little child.

"And ye must know, Miss Mary," he says, quite cheerfully, "that if ever ye should come to live in Scotland, ye will not be persecuted with our theology. No, no; far from it; we respect every one's religion, if it is sincere; though we cling to our own. And why should we not

cling to it, and guard it from error? We have had to fight for our civil and religious liberties inch by inch, foot by foot; and we have won. The blood of the saints has not been shed in vain. The cry of the dying and wounded on many a Lanarkshire moor—when the cavalry were riding about, and hewing and slaughtering—was not wasted on the air! The Lord heard, and answered. And we do well to guard what we have gained; and, if need were, there are plenty of Scotsmen alive at this day who would freely spend their lives in defending their own religion. But ye need not fear. These are the days of great toleration. Ye might live in Scotland all your life, and not hear an ill word said of the Episcopal Church!"

After having given this solemn assurance, the Laird cast a glance of sly humour at Angus Sutherland.

"I will confess," said he, "when Dr. Sutherland brought that up this morning about Peter and Andrew, and James and John, I was a bit put out. But then," he added, triumphantly, "ye must remember that in those days they had not the insidious attacks of Prelacy to guard against. There was no need for them to erect bulwarks of the faith. But in our time it is different, or rather it has been different. I am glad to think that we of the Scotch Church are emancipated from the fear of Rome; and I am of opinion that with the advancing times they are in the right who advocate a little moderation in the way of applying and exacting the Standards. No, no; I am not for bigotry. I assure ye, Miss Mary, ye will find far fewer bigots in Scotland than people say."

"I have not met any, sir," remarks Miss Mary.

"I tell ye what," said he, solemnly; "I am told on good authority that there is a movement among the U. P. Presbytery to send up to the Synod a sort of memorial with regard to the Subordinate Standards—that is, ye know, the Westminster Confession of Faith and the Larger and Shorter Catechisms—just hinting, in a mild sort of way, that these are of human composition, and necessarily imperfect; and that a little amount of—of——"

The Laird could not bring himself to pronounce the word "laxity." He stammered and hesitated, and at last said—

"Well; a little judicious liberality of construction—do ye see?—on certain points is admissible, while clearly defining other points on which the Church will not admit of question. However, as I was saying, we have little fear of Popery in the Presbyterian Church now; and ye would have no need to fear it in your English Church if the English people were not so sorely wanting in humour. If they had any sense of fun they would have laughed those millinery, play-acting people out o' their Church long ago——"

But at this moment it suddenly strikes the Laird that a fair proportion of the people he is addressing are of the despised English race; and he hastily puts in a disclaimer.

"I meant the clergy, of course," says he, most unblushingly, "the English clergy, as having no sense of humour at all—none at all. Dear me, what a stupid man I met at Dunoon last year! There were some people on board the steamer talking about Homesh—ye know, he was known to every man who travelled up and down the Clyde—and they told the English clergyman about Homesh wishing he was a stot. 'Wishing he was a what?' says he. Would ye believe it, it took about ten meenutes to explain the story to him bit by bit; and at the end of it his face was as blank as a bannock before it is put on the girdle!"

We could see the laughter brimming in the Laird's eyes; he was thinking either of the stot or some other story about Homesh. But his reverence for Sunday prevailed. He fell back on the Standards; and was most anxious to assure Miss Avon that, if ever she were to live in Scotland, she would suffer no persecution at all, even though she still determined to belong to the Episcopal Church.

"We have none in the neighbourhood of Strathgovan," he remarked, quite simply; "but ye could easily drive in to Glasgow"—and he did not notice the quick look of surprise and inquiry that Angus Sutherland immediately directed from the one to the other. But Mary Avon was looking down.

It was a long pull; but by-and-by the features of the distant island became clearer; and we made out an indentation that probably meant a creek of some sort. But what was our surprise, as we drew nearer and nearer to what we supposed to be an uninhabited island, to find the topmast of a vessel appearing over some rocks that guard the entrance to the bay? As we pulled into the still waters, and passed the heavy black smack lying at anchor, perhaps the two solitary creatures in charge of her were no less surprised at the appearance of strangers in these lonely waters. They came ashore just as we landed. They explained, in more or less imperfect English, that they were lobster-fishers; and that this was a convenient haven for their smack, while they pulled in their small boat round the shores to look after the traps. And if—when the Laird was not looking—his hostess privately negotiated for the sale of half-a-dozen live lobsters, and if young Smith also took a quiet opportunity of inquiring about the favourite resorts of the seals; what then? Mice will play when they get the chance. The Laird was walking on with Mary Avon; and was telling her about the Culdees.

And all the time we wandered about the deserted island, and explored its ruins, and went round its bays, the girl kept almost exclusively with the Laird, or with her other and gentle friend; and Angus had but little chance of talking to her or walking with her. He was left pretty much alone. Perhaps he was not greatly interested in the ecclesiastical remains. But he elicited from the two lobster-fishers that the hay scattered on the floor of the chapel was put there by fishermen, who used the place to sleep in when they came to the island. And they showed him the curious tombstone of the saint, with its sculptured ele-

phant and man on horseback. Then he went away by himself to trace out the remains of a former civilisation on the island; the withered stumps of a blackthorn hedge, and the abundant nettle. A big rat ran out; the only visible tenant of the crumbled habitation.

Meanwhile the others had climbed to the summit of the central hill; and behold! all around the smooth bays were black and shining objects, like the bladders used on fishermen's nets. But these moved this way and that; sometimes there was a big splash as one disappeared. The Youth sat and regarded this splendid hunting-ground with a breathless interest.

"I'm thinking ye ought to get your seal-skin to-morrow, Miss Mary," says the Laird, for once descending to worldly things.

"Oh, I hope no one will be shot for me!" she said. "They are such gentle creatures."

"But young men will be young men, ye know," said he, cheerfully. "When I was Howard's age, and knew I had a gun within reach, a sight like that would have made my heart jump."

"Yes," said the nephew; "but you never do have a sight like that when you have a rifle within reach."

"Wait till to-morrow—wait till to-morrow," said the Laird, cheerfully. "And now we will go down to the boat. It is a long pull back to the yacht."

But the Laird's nephew got even more savage as we rowed back in the calm, pale twilight. Those wild duck would go whirring by within easy shot—apparently making away to the solitudes of Loch Swen. Then that greyish-yellow thing on the rocks—could it be a sheep? We watched it for several minutes, as the gig went by in the dusk; then, with a heavy plunge or two, the seal floundered down and into the water. The splash echoed through the silence.

"Did you ever see the like of that?" the Youth exclaimed, mortified beyond endurance. "Did you ever? As big as a cow! And as sure as you get such a chance, it is Sunday!"

"I am very glad," says Miss Avon. "I hope no one will shoot a seal on my account."

"The seal ought to be proud to have such a fate," said the Laird, gallantly. "Ye are saving him from a miserable and lingering death of cold, or hunger, or old age. And whereas in that case nobody would care anything or see anything more about him, ye give him a sort of immortality in your dining-room, and ye are never done admiring him. A proud fellow he ought to be. And if the seals about here are no very fine in their skins, still it would be a curiosity, and at present we have not one at all at Denny-mains."

Again this reference to Denny-mains: Angus Sutherland glanced from one to the other; but what could he see in the dusk?

Then we got back to the yacht: what a huge grey ghost she looked in the gloom! And as we were all waiting to get down the

companion, Angus Sutherland put his hand on his hostess's arm, and stayed her.

"You must be wrong," said he, simply. "I have offended her somehow. She has not spoken ten words to me to-day."

CHAPTER XXXI.

HIDDEN SPRINGS.

"WELL, perhaps it is better, after all," says a certain person, during one of those opportunities for brief conjugal confidences that are somewhat rare on board ship. She sighs as she speaks. "I thought it was going to be otherwise. But it will be all the better for Angus not to marry for some years to come. He has a great future before him; and a wife would really be an encumbrance. Young professional men should never marry; their circumstances keep on improving, but they can't improve their wives."

All this is very clear and sensible. It is not always that this person talks in so matter-of-fact a way. If, however, everything has turned out for the best, why this sudden asperity with which she adds—

"But I did not expect it of Mary."

And then again—

"She might at least be civil to him."

"She is not uncivil to him. She only avoids him."

"I consider that her open preference for Howard Smith is just a little bit too ostentatious," she says, in rather an injured way. "Indeed, if it comes to that, she would appear to prefer the Laird to either of them. Any stranger would think she wanted to marry Denny-mains himself."

"Has it ever occurred to you," is the respectful question, "that a young woman—say once in a century—may be in that state of mind in which she would prefer not to marry anybody?"

Abashed? Not a bit of it! There is a calm air of superiority on her face: she is above trifles and taunts.

"If unmarried women had any sense," she says, "that would be their normal state of mind."

And she might have gone on enlarging on this text, only that at this moment Mary Avon comes along from the ladies' cabin; and the morning greetings take place between the two women. Is it only a suspicion that there is a touch of coldness in the elder woman's manner? Is it possible that her love for Mary Avon may be decreasing by ever so little a bit?

Then Angus comes down the companion: he has got some wild flowers; he has been ashore. And surely he ought to give them to the younger of the two women: she is of the age when such pretty compli-

ments are a natural thing. But no. The flowers are for his hostess—for the decoration of her table; and Mary Avon does not look up as they are handed along.

Then young Mr. Smith makes his appearance; he has been ashore too. And his complaints and protests fill the air.

"Didn't I tell you?" he says, appealing more especially to the women-folk for sympathy. "Didn't I tell you? You saw all those golden plover yesterday, and the wild duck further up the loch: there is not a sign of one of them! I knew it would be so. As sure as Monday begins, you never get a chance! I will undertake to say that when we get to those islands where all the seals were yesterday, we shan't see one to-day!"

"But are we to stop here a whole day in order to let you go and shoot seals?" says his hostess.

"You can't help it," says he, laughing. "There isn't any wind."

"Angus," she says—as if nobody knew anything about the wind but the young Doctor—"is that so?"

"Not a doubt of it," he says. "But it is a beautiful day. You might make up a luncheon-party, and have a pic-nic by the side of the Saint's Well—down in the hollow, you know."

"Much chance I shall have with the seals, then!" remarks the other young man, good-naturedly enough.

However, it is enough that the suggestion has come from Angus Sutherland. A pic-nic on the Island of the Saints is forthwith commanded—seals or no seals. And while Master Fred, immediately after breakfast, begins his preparations, the Laird helps by carefully putting a corkscrew in his pocket. It is his invariable custom. We are ready for any emergency.

And if the golden plover, and mergansers, and seals appear to know that the new, busy, brisk working-days have begun again, surely we ought to know it too. Here are the same silent shores; and the calm blue seas and blue sky; and the solitary islands in the south—all just as they were yesterday; but we have a secret sense that the lassitude and idleness of Sunday are over, and that there is something of freedom in the air. The Laird has no longer any need to keep a check on his tongue: those stories about Homesh may bubble up to the surface of his mind just as they please. And indeed he is exceedingly merry and facetious as the preparations go on for this excursion. When at length he gets into the stern of the boat he says to his companion—

"There was Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton,
And Mary Avon, and me.

—What ails ye, lass? I have not heard much of your singing of late."

"You would not have me sing profane songs on Sunday!" she says, demurely.

"No; but I mean long before Sunday. However," he says, cheerfully, and looking at her, "there is a wonderful change in ye—wonderful! Well do I mind the day I first saw ye, on the quay; though it seems a long time since then. Ye were a poor white bit thing then; I was astonished; and the next day too, when ye were lame as well, I said to myself, 'Well; it's high time that bit lass had a breath o' the sea air.' And now—why ye just mind me o' the lasses in the Scotch songs—the country lasses, ye know—with the fine colour on your face."

And indeed this public statement did not tend to decrease the sun-brown that now tinged Mary Avon's cheeks.

"These lads," said he—no doubt referring to his nephew and to Angus Sutherland, who were both labouring at the long oars—"are much too attentive to ye, putting ye under the shadow of the sails, and bringing ye parasols and things like that. No, no; don't you be afraid of getting sun-burned; it is a comely and wholesome thing: is it not reasonable that human beings need the sunlight as much as plants? Just ask your friend Dr. Sutherland that; though a man can guess as much without a microscope. Keep ye in the sun, Miss Mary; never mind the brown on your cheeks, whatever the young men say: I can tell ye ye are looking a great deal better now than when ye stepped on shore—a shilpit pale bit thing—on that afternoon."

Miss Avon had not been in the habit of receiving lectures like this about her complexion, and she seemed rather confused; but fortunately the measured noise of the rowlocks prevented the younger men from overhearing.

*"There was Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton,
And Mary Avon, and me"—*

continued the Laird, in his facetious way; and he contentedly patted the hand of the girl beside him. "I fear I am growing very fond of idleness."

"I am sure, sir, you are so busy during the rest of the year," says this base flatterer, "that you should be able to enjoy a holiday with a clear conscience."

"Well, perhaps so—perhaps so," said the Laird, who was greatly pleased. "And yet, let one work as hard as one can, it is singular how little one can do, and what little thanks ye get for doing it. I am sure those people in Strathgovan spend half their lives in fault-finding; and expect ye to do everything they can think of without asking them for a farthing. At the last meeting of the ratepayers in the Burgh Hall I heckled them, I can tell ye. I am not a good speaker—no, no; far from it; but I can speak plain. I use words that can be driven into people's heads; and I will say this, that some o' those people in Strathgovan have a skull of most extraordinar' thickness. But said I to them, 'Do ye expect us to work miracles? Are we to create things out of nothing? If the rates are not to be increased, where are the new

gas-lamps to come from? Do ye think we can multiply gas-lamps as the loaves and fishes were multiplied?" I'm thinking," added the Laird, with a burst of hearty laughter, "that the thickest-skulled of them all understood that—eh?"

"I should hope so," remarked Miss Avon.

Then the measured rattle of the oars: it wants hard pulling against this fiercely running tide; indeed, to cheat it in a measure, we have to keep working along the coast and across the mouth of Loch Swen.

*"There was Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton,
And Mary Avon, and me"—*

says the Laird, as a playful introduction to another piece of talking. "I have been asking myself once or twice whether I know any one in the whole kingdom of Scotland better than you."

"Than me, sir?" she says, with a start of surprise.

"Yes," he says, sententiously. "That is so. And I have had to answer myself in the naygative. It is wonderful how ye get to know a person on board a yacht. I just feel as if I had spent years and years with ye; so that there is not any one I know with whom I am better acquainted. When ye come to Denny-mains, I shall be quite disappointed if ye look surprised or strange to the place. I have got it into my head that ye must have lived there all your life. Will ye undertake to say," he continues, in the same airy manner, "that ye do not know the little winding path that goes up through the trees to the flag-staff—eh?"

"I am afraid I don't remember it," she says, with a smile.

"Wait till ye see the sunsets ye can see from there!" he says, proudly. "We can see right across Glasgow to Tennants' Stalk; and in the afternoon the smoke is all turning red and brown with the sunset—many's and many's the time I have taken Tom Galbraith to the hill, and asked him whether they have finer sunsets at Naples or Venice. No, no; give me fire and smoke and meestery for a strong sunset. But just the best time of the year, as ye'll find out"—and here he looked in a kindly way at the girl—"where there is a bit wood near the house, is the spring-time. When ye see the primroses and the blue-bells about the roots of the trees—when ye see them so clear and bright among the red of the withered leaves—well, ye cannot help thinking about some of our old Scotch songs, and there's something in that that's just like to bring the tears to your een. We have a wonderful and great inheritance in these songs, as ye'll find out, my lass. You English know only of Burns; but a Scotchman, who is familiar with the ways and the feelings and the speech of the peasantry, has a sort o' uncomfortable impression that Burns is at times just a bit artificeal and leeterary—especially when he is masquerading in fine English—though at other times ye get the real lilt—what a man would sing to himself when he was all alone at the plough, in the early morning, and listening to the birds around him. But there are others that we are proud of, too—Tannahill, and John

Mayne, that wrote about *Logan Braes*; and Hogg, and Motherwell: I'm sure o' this, that when ye read' Motherwell's *Jeanie Morrison*, ye'll no be able to go on for greetin'."

"I beg your pardon!" said Miss Avon.

But the Laird is too intent on recalling some of the lines to notice that she has not quite understood him.

"They were school-mates," he says, in an absent way. "When school was over, they wandered away like lad and lass; and he writes the poem in after-life, and speaks to her he has never seen since.

"Oh, mind ye, love, how oft we left

The deavin' dainsome town,

To wander by the green burn-side,

And hear its water croon?

The simmer leaves hung over our heads,

The flowers burst round our feet;

And in the gloamin' o' the wood

The throssil whistled sweet.

"And on the knowe aboon the burn

For hours thegither sat

In the silentness o' joy, till baith

Wi' very gladness grat!

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,

Tears trickled down your cheek,

Like dew-heads on a rose, yet nane

Had ony power to speak!"

The Laird's voice faltered for a moment; but he pretended he had great difficulty in remembering the poem, and confessed that he must have mixed up the verses. However, he said he remembered the last one.

"O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,

Since we were sundered young,

I've never seen your face, nor heard

The music of your tongue;

But I could hug all wretchedness,

And happy could I dee,

Did I but ken your heart still dreamed

O' bygone days and me!"

Just as he finished, the old Laird turned aside his head. He seemed to be suddenly interested in something over at the mouth of Loch Swen. Then he quickly passed his red silk handkerchief across his face, and said, in a gay manner—though he was still looking in that alien direction—

"This is a desperate hard pull. We had nothing like this yesterday. But it will do the lads good; it will take the stiffness out of their backs."

However, one of the lads—to wit, the Laird's nephew—admitted at length that he had had quite enough of it, and gave up his oar to the

man he had relieved. Then he came into the stern, and was very pleasant and talkative; and said he had quite made up his mind to find all the seals gone from the shores of the sacred island.

So formidable, indeed, was the tide, that we had to keep well away to the south of the island before venturing to make across for it; and when at length we did put the bow straight for the little harbour, the mid-channel current swept us away northward, as if the gig had been a bit of cork. But the four oars kept manfully to their work; and by dint of hard pulling and pertinacious steering we managed to run into the little bay.

We found it quite deserted. The two lobster-fishers had left in the morning; we were in sole possession of this lonely island, set amid the still summer seas.

But by this time it was nearly noon; and so it was arranged that the men of the party should content themselves with a preliminary expedition, to find out, by stealthy crawlings out to the various bays, where the seals were chiefly congregated; while the women were to remain by the Saints' Well, to help Fred to get luncheon spread out and arranged. And this was done; and thus it happened that, after Master Fred had finished his work, and retired down to his mates in the gig, the two women-folk were left alone.

"Why, Mary," said the one of them, quite cheerfully (as we afterwards heard), "it is quite a long time since you and I had a chat together."

"Yes, it is."

"One gets so often interfered with on board, you know. Aren't you going to begin now and make a sketch?"

She had brought with her her sketching materials; but they were lying unopened on a rock hard by.

"No, I think not," she said, listlessly.

"What is the matter with you?" said her kind friend, pretending to laugh at her. "I believe you are fretting over the loss of the money, after all."

"Oh, no: I hope you do not think I am fretting!" said she, anxiously.

"No one has said that? I am really quite content—I am very—happy."

She managed to say the word.

"I am very glad to hear it," said her friend; "but I have a great mind to scold you all the same."

The girl looked up. Her friend went over to her, and sate down beside her, and took her hand in hers.

"Don't be offended, Mary," she said, good-naturedly. "I have no right to interfere; but Angus is an old friend of mine. Why do you treat him like that?"

The girl looked at her with a sort of quick, frightened, inquiring glance; and then said—as if she were almost afraid to hear herself speak—

"Has he spoken to you?"

"Yes. Now don't make a mole-hill into a mountain, Mary. If he has offended you, tell him. Be frank with him. He would not vex you for the world: do you think he would?"

The girl's hand was beginning to tremble a good deal; and her face was white, and piteous.

"If you only knew him as well as I do, you would know he is as gentle as a child: he would not offend any one. Now, you will be friends with him again, Mary?"

The answer was a strange one. The girl broke into a fit of wild crying, and hid her face in her friend's bosom, and sobbed there so that her whole frame was shaken with the violence of her misery.

"Mary, what is it?" said the other, in great alarm.

Then, by-and-by, the girl rose, and went away over to her sketching materials for a minute or two. Then she returned: her face still rather white, but with a certain cold and determined look on it.

"It is all a mistake," said she, speaking very distinctly. "Dr. Sutherland has not offended me in the least: please tell him so if he speaks again. I hope we shall always be good friends."

She opened out her colour-box.

"And then," said she, with an odd laugh, "before you think I have gone crazed, please remember it isn't every day one loses such an enormous fortune as mine."

She began to get her other sketching things ready. And she was very cheerful about it, and very busy; and she was heard to be singing to herself—

*"Then fill up a bumper: what can I do less
Than drink to the health of my bonny Black Bess?"*

But her friend, when by chance she turned her head a little bit, perceived that the pale and piteous face was still wet with tears; and the praises of Black Bess did not wholly deceive her.

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